TN USA3
UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE NJ
C1969DEC31831 01
3DG
07019

The Nation.

December 31, 1983–January 7, 1984 $1.25; U.K. 65p

UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, N.J. 07019

JAN 3 1984

PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

NAKASONE'S SETTING SUN

For more than a quarter of a century, Japan has enjoyed—or suffered—virtual one-party rule. Only Italy's Christian Democrats (among the great postwar parties of the industrialized capitalist world) held unbroken power longer than Japan's Liberal Democrats, who have been in office since 1955. After last week's elections, they may be able to eke out another term; but the mystique of their power has been destroyed, and the end of their rule may be in sight.

The big news of the election was not about who will form the next government but about how badly the Liberal Democratic Party fell from favor. The loss of thirty-six seats in the lower house of Parliament means that Prime Minister Nakasone's majority has evaporated and that he will have to fight to stay at the top of the coalition that will take his government's place. Translated into political terms: his policies supporting Japan's increased integration into the U.S. military system and Western economic structures will be undercut.

The Japanese vote—proceeding under electoral laws crafted by American political scientists during the occupation deliberately to undermine the power of the left—expresses a mixture of rural conservatism and corporate nationalism, as well as a widespread suspicion that Nakasone has tied Japan's fortunes too closely to Reagan's. What many of Japan's great industrialists want is an independent imperial economy which will not merely challenge but pre-empt the Western export and development drive in Latin America and Africa, not to mention the Pacific Rim. It's an idea that has been tried in Japan before, on a more limited scale, with disastrous results. Now the leading economic interests are calling for more direct control over their global prosperity. It may be time for the long-outflanked opposition to make itself

AN UN-AMERICAN GIRLHOOD
Margot Sims

SOFIA ON MY MIND
John Leonard

'THE POST' XMAS HOAX
Gerald Jonas

'GREEN' ECONOMICS
Derek Shearer

WALLACE STEVENS REMEMBERED
Edward Hirsch

THE EMOTIONS BUSINESS
Marcia Millman

WEAPONS JUNKIES

THE WORST ADDICTION OF THEM ALL

KURT VONNEGUT

What has been America's most nurturing contribution to the culture of this planet so far? Many would say jazz. I, who love jazz, will say this instead: Alcoholics Anonymous.

I am not an alcoholic. If I was, I would go before the nearest A.A. meeting and say, "My name is Kurt Vonnegut. I am an alcoholic." God willing, that might be my first step down the long, hard road back to sobriety.

The A.A. scheme, which requires a confession like that, is the first to have any measurable success in dealing with the tendency of some human beings, perhaps 10 percent of any population sample anyone might care to choose, to become addicted to substances that give them brief spasms of pleasure but in the long term transmute their lives and the lives of those around them into ultimate ghastliness.

The A.A. scheme, which, again, can work only if the addicts regularly admit that this or that chemical is poisonous to them, is now proving its effectiveness with compulsive gamblers, who are not dependent on chemicals from a distillery or a pharmaceutical laboratory. This is no paradox. Gamblers, in effect, manufacture their own dangerous substances. God help them, they produce chemicals that elate them whenever they place a bet on simply anything.

If I was a compulsive gambler, which I am not, I would be well advised to stand up before the nearest meeting of Gamblers Anonymous and declare, "My name is Kurt Vonnegut. I am a compulsive gambler."

Whether I was standing before a meeting of Gamblers Anonymous or Alcoholics Anonymous,

(Continued on Page 698)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

A BIASED LOOK AT EAST GERMANY

New York City

After reading Michael T. Klare's words to the effect that rising anti-Communism is a danger of unprecedented historical significance in this country ["Resistance to More Grenadas," *The Nation*, Dec. 10], and after the impressive article by Andrew Kopkind, "The Return of Cold War Liberalism" [April 23], I was shocked and disappointed to see *The Nation* print, alongside Klare's piece, an article so openly anti-Communist, so hateful of the Eastern European Communist nations, as "The Peaceniks of East Germany," by someone who is afraid to take the blame for his or her words and so uses the pseudonym Aaron Reid. Such vile literature belongs on the pages of *American Opinion* or *National Review*, not on those of *The Nation*.

There are several allegations in the article that *Nation* readers certainly know better than to believe. The first is the characterization of the 1968 Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia as a "bloody suppression." This may have been true of Hungary in 1956, but in 1968 not a drop of blood was shed. There was scattered passive resistance and an occasional nervous gunshot, but there is absolutely no justification for such a reference. This could possibly be considered a minor point if it was not accompanied by a veritable barrage of similar instances of misinformation. Indeed, the entire characterization of East Germany, from the description of the nation's mobilization to protect itself from potential invasion to the suggestion that the "unofficial peace communities" have any significance, is a fabric of lies. And lies poorly fabricated, as well.

One need only note, for example, that Reid's claim that the "peace communities" are "rooted in the working class" is followed immediately by a description of its members as people who "spent their time discussing philosophy, literature and music, going on outings to the romantic hilly countryside . . . or lying in bed all day with a book and a bottle of wine." If the East German working class is so well off that this is all it has to do, I wonder how Reid can avoid extolling the virtues of the East German government. The fact is that the country has one of the highest standards of living on earth. But that, I suspect, is not what Reid wishes to convey. What he or she wishes to convey is identity with an idle class of petty bourgeois intellectuals, "artists" and would-be Western "hippies."

These people oppose the government because it forces them to face and become involved in international political struggles that are unpleasant. And because it does not allow them the freedom to express their own precious "ideas" in whatever form and at whatever time they choose. Perhaps also because they are not able to make the type of money their rich counterparts in West Germany make. That is why they lack credibility among the populace at large—which certainly has its own legitimate complaints.

There are two not-so-subtle implications in this article that are revealing. The first is that there is a common interest between the peace movements in the West and the Communist governments in the East. While many of us agree and find that a reassuring comment on the nature of the Communist governments, to Reid it is merely an indication that both are contemptible. A thinly disguised assumption that the antiwar groups of the West are dupes of the K.G.B. runs through the article; no doubt the Western groups have not displayed enough violent anti-Communism for Reid's taste. The second implication is that the "peace movements" in the East have a coincidence of interests with the Western capitalist governments. After all, it was the West German press that rallied to the support of these movements; the East German government is to be condemned for any act it might have taken to avoid diverting attention from the deployment of U.S. missiles in West Germany. Aaron Reid (or whoever you are), do you know where your interests lie?

As Klare and others have suggested, anti-Communism is an extremely dangerous thing. Beginning with the Palmer raids, it has provided the rationale for every sort of undemocratic and totalitarian act of the U.S. ruling class. Now, more than ever, it must be battled from all sides of the left. Now, more than ever, it is time to fly one's true colors. I have rarely seen *The Nation* bow to the pressures of the political climate. But this article prompts me to ask its editors, whose side are you on?

Mark Lane
New School for Social Research

TURNING A BLIND EYE

Ithaca, N.Y.

Editor Navasky rightly says that it is not the fault of *The Rosenberg File* that "there is no room in a polarized culture for a split decision" about the Rosenbergs ["Of 'Atom Spies' and Ambiguities," *The Nation*, Oct. 22]. But it is his fault for succumbing to it by making specious criticisms of the book.

He poses as a critic correcting Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton when he says that "actually" the Committee to Secure Justice for the Rosenbergs was formed in the fall of 1951, sparked by *The National Guardian*'s articles. No correction whatever is needed on that point. *The Rosenberg File* says, "*The National Guardian*'s focus on the plight of the Rosenbergs was to light the spark that turned the case into a movement," and the book rightly cites the date of the committee's founding as November 8, 1951. Radosh and Milton do say that the committee did p "take off" until a year later, and that or strength of one of the founder's obs tions. This point illuminates the Communist Party's opportunism.

Similarly, the editor seemingly corrects *The Rosenberg File* by citing Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir for having pointed out Eugene Tartakow's record of convictions, but again Radosh and Milton say that "skepticism about Tartakow's bona fides is certainly in order" because he was serving time on his third conviction. On balance, the editor supports the Schneirs, though in all fairness he says he's "not persuaded" that Radosh and Milton "forged documents." That's "fairness" worthy of McCarthy himself! The Schneirs have polluted the debate with outrageous ad hominem smears of the authors, whose book outmodes their own. The editor's silence about this shabbiness is as bland as his modest suggestion that Alfred Sarant felt compelled to emigrate to the Soviet Union, where he was celebrated for his work in its defense establishment, because he had fled Ithaca with another man's wife.

One might conclude, in the editor's best style, that just because many of his criticisms are specious does not *prove* that *The Nation*'s longstanding ideological investment in Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs has corrupted the editor's judgment. There are other possibilities: bad astigmatism in his left eye? The authors of *The Rosenberg File* are two-eyed. In the country of the blind, however, the one-eyed man is king.

Cushing Strout
E.I. White Professor of American Studies
Cornell University

NAVASKY REPLIES

New York City

As it happens, Radosh and Milton were wrong and so, therefore, is Professor Strout. The Rosenberg Committee "took off" long before the party got involved. But I suppose such biased history should come as no surprise from a scholar who accuses others of "ad hominem smears" only a sentence after denigrating prose with which he disagrees as "worthy of McCarthy himself!"

Victor Navasky

HOLIDAY SCHEDULE

Because of the holidays, we will skip one issue of *The Nation*, and resume publication with the issue dated January 14. We wish our readers a happy, healthy and non-Orwellian 1984.

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 237, Number 22

LETTERS
682

EDITORIALS
681 Nakasone's Setting Sun
683 Art Officialdom
684 Land of Hope — *Aryeh Neier*
685 False Statistic — *Patrick Malone*
686 *Uncivil Liberties* — *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES
681 Weapons Junkies: The Worst Addiction of Them All — *Kurt Vonnegut*
687 An Un-American Girlhood: The Subversives McCarthy Missed — *Margot Sims*
689 Sofia on My Mind: Let's Not Be So Beastly To the Bulgarians — *John Leonard*
692 "The Post" Xmas Hoax: The Streetniks of New York — *Gerald Jonas*
694 "Green" Economics: Planning With a Political Face — *Derek Shearer*
697 Notes From Athens: Socialism and the Grecian Women — *Jane Adams*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
701 Brazeau: Parts of a World: Wallace Stevens Remembered: An Oral Biography — *Edward Hirsch*
702 Three Poems — *Curtis Harnack*
703 Hochschild: The Managed Heart: Commercialization of Human Feeling — *Marcia Millman*
706 Figes: Light — *Ronald De Feo*
708 Dance — *Mindy Aloff*

Drawings by J-C Suarès

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editor,* Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor,* Eric Etheridge; *Literary Editor,* Katha Pollitt; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Richard Kaye; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Chief,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Judith Long, Art Winslow; *Editorial Secretary,* Louise Tallmer; *Carey McWilliams Fellow,* Jane Oski; *Interns,* Anthony Borden, Nicolas Gouede, Seth Grodofsky, Kathy Parrent, Christopher Plourde, Micah L. Sifry, Marjory Wentworth. *On leave,* Kai Bird.

Departments: Dance, Mindy Aloff; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Dispatches*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Manager,* Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Classified Advertising Manager,* George Monaco; *Receptionist,* Greta Loeli; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1983 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $40; two years, $72; six months, $20. Add $7 per year postage Canada, Mexico; $13 per year other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days, foreign) of publication date; back issues available $3 prepaid ($4 foreign). **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

EDITORIALS.

Art Officialdom

Art may be big business on 57th Street, but it's big politics on Pennsylvania Avenue. The Reagan Right long ago recognized that the arts provide access for the humanizing, liberating and democratizing forces in American society—the very ones which threaten the Administration's ideological command and control. Accordingly, government agencies began cutting funds, vetoing projects and restricting contacts within a community that by its nature is suspected of cultural subversion.

The latest restrictions to come to light are embodied in Administrative Directive P-732, Personnel Security Program, promulgated on September 26 by the National Endowment for the Arts, which hands out some $130 million annually to artistic projects large and small. Setting forth as "policy" the rule that "the National Endowment for the Arts employs and retains . . . only those persons whose employment is found to be clearly consistent with national security interests," the directive then presents a list of guidelines for employee behavior that cannot help but chill the staff solid.

For instance, an employee may be fired, or a prospective employee turned down, on "national security" grounds if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he or she is found to be "establishing or continuing a sympathetic association with a saboteur, spy, traitor, seditionist, anarchist, or revolutionist, or with an espionage or other secret agent or representative of a foreign nation whose interests may be inimical to the interests of the United States, or with any person who advocates the use of force or violence to overthrow the Government of the United States or the alteration of the form of government of the United States by unconstitutional means."

Now, it is unlikely that an N.E.A. employee would be continuing a relationship with a spy or a saboteur. But it is hardly beyond the realm of possibility that the employee could have an acquaintance with a Nicaraguan, say, or a Palestinian or a Pole or a Mexican or a Greek . . . Indeed, almost anyone involved with the international cultural community is liable to meet a "representative" (whether a foreigner or a U.S. citizen) of a government whose interests the Reagan Administration deems divergent from Jeane Kirkpatrick's.

And what that particular guideline means in practice, of course, is that N.E.A. grant officers must avoid associating with artists working with Third World—African or Central American—solidarity groups. It's a clever way for the Endowment to delegitimize many black and Hispanic arts projects.

Under another "security standards" guideline, the N.E.A. will collect information on current and prospective employees regarding "habitual use of intoxicants to excess, or drug addiction, or sexual perversion" or "any illness, including any mental condition." The point there is not that heroin addicts or chronic schizophrenics present a serious problem in the Endowment workplace but that vaguely defined personal problems are identified with "national security." In many government agencies (such as the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the armed forces) "sexual perversion" means, simply, homosexuality. "Drug addiction" could be merely occasional marijuana use.

The Reaganites can't be terribly afraid of gays or pot smokers in their bureaus, nor even the odd N.E.A. grant officer soft on Zimbabwe or Nicaragua. Directives such as P-732 are issued to restrict the entire cultural and political climate, to create an atmosphere of what people in the 1950s used to call "conformity." The method is to confuse freedom in personal behavior with the demands of national security—and to put everyone on warning.

Land of Hope

Three days before Raúl Alfonsín was inaugurated as President of Argentina, bringing to an end seven and a half years of disastrous military rule, I visited the Buenos Aires office of the Center for Legal and Social Studies (CELS), the country's leading human rights organization. While there, I was informed that a young woman was at the front desk inquiring about Juan Mendez. Since Mendez is my colleague at Americas Watch, the director of our Washington office, I went out to talk with her.

She told me Mendez had been her husband's friend in what was known as the "death wing" of the prison in La Plata. Seven years ago, her husband was killed and she was taken into custody, shown his corpse and threatened with the same fate. Terrified, she went into hiding with her 3-year-old daughter and lost all contact with her friends. But she remained in Argentina, and a month ago, following Alfonsín's election, she decided it was safe to resume her former life. She began to search out her old friends and was eager to see Mendez because he had been a comrade of her husband in prison. She discovered that he was out of the country but learned that CELS was in touch with him.

Throughout the jubilant festivities that attended Alfonsín's inauguration, it was impossible not to think of the military regime's many thousands of victims, like this young widow, whose suffering continues—of the mothers of the 20,000 or so "disappeared" whose hopes were roused by the rumor, probably false, that one of their children had been discovered alive in a mental hospital in Tucumán; and of the more than 10,000 former political prisoners, many of them still suffering the effects of torture, who need jobs and the medical benefits that accompany them.

Still, what has happened in Argentina is cause for jubilation. The regime that committed some of the most egregious human rights abuses of our awful age has been replaced by a government that is as genuinely respectful of human rights as any on the planet. Moreover, if its first few days are any guide, it is taking appropriate steps to deal with the abuses of the past and to prevent their recurrence. The generals and admirals who bear prime responsibility for the disappearances are being prosecuted. A commission, on which sit such distinguished human rights advocates as novelist Ernesto Sabato and Rabbi Marshall Meyer, has been appointed to tell the full story of the repression. Many high-level military officials have been forced to retire. Military spending is being cut (the Reagan Administration's ridiculous inauguration present—a lifting of the embargo on U.S. arms sales to Argentina—was greeted with a polite "Thank you, but we are not interested in buying arms"). And to prevent military coups, the armed forces are being placed firmly under civilian control.

It is also a time for jubilation elsewhere in the hemisphere. Uruguayan, Paraguayan and Chilean exiles were among the throngs in the streets of Buenos Aires celebrating Alfonsín's inauguration. They acclaimed his victory for its own sake and because it gives them renewed hope for change in their oppressed homelands. When I visited Peru the week after Alfonsín's inauguration, the reverberations were still being felt. Struggling to cope with a serious terrorist threat, the Peruvian government committed gross abuses of human rights, especially during the past year, and the situation is growing worse. If the country pulls back from the abyss, the example of Argentina will have been a major factor. The civilian leaders do not want to be compared with the Argentine officials who paved the way for military rule. The Peruvian armed forces do not relish the prospect that someday they—like their good friends in the Argentine armed forces—may have to stand in the dock for their crimes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Argentina's economic difficulties and its unresolved conflict with Britain over the Falkland Islands insure that the Alfonsín government will not have an easy time. The United States is in a position to be helpful on both counts. Though the Reagan Administration's record with respect to Argentina has been dreadful, it now has an opportunity to redeem itself. There could hardly be a better cause than helping the Alfonsín government succeed. ARYEH NEIER

Aryeh Neier is vice chair of the Americas Watch and Helsinki Watch committees.

False Statistic

In denying last-minute pleas by prisoners on death row, judges cite an increasingly familiar statistic: the number of previous appeals those prisoners have made. Thus, when the Supreme Court voted 7 to 2 not to stay the execution of Robert Austin Sullivan, in Florida on November 30, Chief Justice Warren Burger noted that the condemned man had made fourteen appeals during the decade he had spent on death row. "This alone," Burger wrote, "demonstrates the specious suggestion [*sic*] of a 'rush to judgment'" in capital cases.

What the Chief Justice failed to disclose, however, was the number of times the courts had actually considered the merits of Sullivan's main argument—that his death sentence was unconstitutional because the trial judge had improperly instructed the jury and had considered illegal factors in sentencing, and the prosecutor had made improper arguments at the penalty stage of the trial. That number is closer to zero than to fourteen.

On December 15, Georgia executed John Eldon Smith. In September, when it denied his last major appeal, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eleventh Circuit pointed out that during the nearly nine years he spent on death row, Smith had appealed five times to the Georgia Supreme Court, four times to the U.S. Supreme Court and numerous times to other courts. But it ignored the fact that none of those courts had weighed his claim that the state had unconstitutionally excluded women from the jury at his trial.

Sullivan and Smith could not get their arguments heard on appeal because their lawyers had failed to raise them at their trials. The state appellate courts wouldn't hear them because they have "contemporaneous objection" rules, which bar defendants from appealing trial rulings if their lawyers did not object at the time. They were also blocked from raising the issues in a Federal habeas corpus proceeding because of the Supreme Court's 1977 decision in *Wainwright v. Sykes*.

Before *Sykes*, the Warren Court held that a defendant in a criminal case could not be barred from claiming a constitutional right simply because his lawyer had failed to raise the issue at the trial, unless the *defendant* had decided not to object. But in *Sykes*, Justice William Rehnquist imposed a tougher rule: the defendant must show there was a good reason for the lawyer's silence. Otherwise, Rehnquist wrote, a defense lawyer might deliberately withhold the objection at the trial and raise it later in a Federal habeas corpus action.

Rehnquist and his conservative brethren on the Court have never explained why any sensible lawyer would do that. After all, if the defense objected, the claim would be ruled on by the trial judge and by the state appeals courts. And if it lost there, the defense could raise the issue again in a Federal habeas corpus action. But if the defense did not object, it waived its chance to appeal to the state courts and gained no advantage in the Federal courts.

Congress established the right of Federal habeas corpus appeal in 1867 to prevent Reconstruction-era judges from tossing newly freed slaves into prison in violation of their constitutional rights. Today, when many prison inmates are poor and illiterate, and often inadequately represented by court-appointed counsel, the need to protect their rights is just as compelling. But the *Sykes* decision effectively prevents defendants who cannot afford the best lawyers from exercising their right of habeas corpus.

In Sullivan's case, a Federal District Court did consider his claim of unconstitutional sentencing procedures, among other issues, and rejected it. But the U.S. Court of Appeals in Atlanta ruled that the lower court shouldn't have heard the claim at all because the reason no objection had been raised at the trial—Sullivan alleged his lawyer was incompetent—did not satisfy the *Sykes* rule.

Whether the appeals court would have agreed with Sullivan's arguments on their merits is another matter. But Smith's contention that women were unconstitutionally excluded from his trial jury clearly would have prevailed had he been permitted to raise it. A Georgia jury statute in effect when he was convicted allowed women to opt out of jury pools. Last year, that law was declared unconstitutional in an appeal brought by Smith's wife, who was a co-defendant in the case. Her lawyers had made a timely objection to the jury selection procedure, but Smith's had not. Why? They explained they didn't know they could raise it. True, a Louisiana statute that excluded women was held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, but that decision was announced only six days before Smith's trial started and the law differed from the Georgia statute. Nonetheless, the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that this was not a sufficient reason for the defense's failure to object. Other lawyers in other jurisdictions had raised the argument, it said.

The Supreme Court could relax the harshness of its *Sykes* rule by enabling a prisoner to win an appeal if he can show that his lawyer was so incompetent that his constitutional right to counsel had been violated. On January 10, the Court is hearing two cases that ask it to do exactly that. But few expect the prisoners to win.

Instead, in future last-ditch appeals for stays of execution, the courts will continue to enumerate the times the prisoner has knocked on the courthouse door—but they will probably leave unsaid the number of times those knocks have gone unanswered. PATRICK MALONE

Patrick Malone is a student at the Yale Law School.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

My wife describes my bicycle mishap as follows: "He fell off his bike." I would not describe it that way at all. Describing it that way makes it sound like the equivalent of some tenderfoot falling off his horse. That is not the way it was. A very large flatbed truck was involved, although in an indirect way. There is a sandy pavement to consider. All that is complicated, though, and rather technical. It's enough to say that the incident falls into the general category of bicycle mishaps and into the subcategory of bicycle mishaps in which the bicyclist in question lands on his face.

I didn't think of the implications of that subcategory until the next morning, when I went to the druggist for a supply of fresh bandages—looking, I must admit, like a middleweight who got what he deserved for climbing into the ring in such flabby condition.

"Animals!" the druggist said, when I stepped up to the counter. "Vermin!"

I looked behind me. No animals. No vermin that I could see, although it is my impression that vermin are rather small, and might be hard to spot for someone whose glasses don't fit well over the bump next to his eye.

"They should put all the goddamned muggers in jail and throw away the keys!" the druggist said.

"I wasn't mugged," I said. "I was in a bicycle mishap."

"Whadidja—fall off your bike or something?" the druggist said.

"It wasn't that way at all," I said.

"Were you trying to get away from the muggers?" he said. "The bastards! They should send them all back where they came from!"

"You see, there was this flatbed truck," I said. "One of those great, huge . . ."

But the druggist had turned away toward the cash register. He started ringing up my purchases. There was no indication that he was still thinking about my case, except that he occasionally muttered "Bastards!" or "Vermin!" as he punched the keys.

I have to say that I expected a little more concern from someone who would probably describe himself as being in a branch of the healing arts. There wasn't any doubt, after all, that I looked pretty gruesome: when I stopped at Joe's newsstand to get a paper, Joe took one look at my face and said, "Wow!"

"One of those great, huge flatbed trucks——"

"Did I ever tell you about the time I wrapped my Pontiac GTO around the lamppost in front of the station house in Queens?" Joe said.

"I don't remember if you did, Joe," I said. "You see, my memory's not at its best because I was in this bicycle mishap, which started when this great, huge flatbed——"

"I guess I really had a load on," Joe continued, as if I hadn't spoken. "I climb out of the car, see, with blood streaming down my face, and all these cops are standing around me, 'cause they've rushed out of the station house when they heard the crash, and I point to the lamppost and say, 'The son of a bitch didn't even signal!'"

I tried to smile, although smiling really didn't do great things for some cuts I had around my mouth. I could still hear Joe chuckling as I walked away—past a couple winos who sometimes sit on a park bench near Joe's newsstand. For the first time, they looked at me with sympathy instead of hostility.

"It happens to us all, brother," one of them said, shaking his head at the sadness of so many winos falling down drunk on hard pavements.

"It didn't happen to me, goddamn it!" I said. "I was in a bicycle mishap. There was this flatbed truck . . ."

The wino, though, seemed to have nodded off to sleep, and his companion was busy rummaging in a trash can next to the park bench.

It occurred to me that I might just stay home for a day or two. I didn't really want to spend my time hearing the details of other people's accidents or serving as an excuse for some diatribe on animals and vermin. I couldn't face going to the office and running into the fellow we call Harold the Committed—the fellow who is always asking me if I want to see civilization as we know it annihilated by a nuclear holocaust, even though I keep assuring him that I don't want to see civilization as we know it annihilated by a nuclear holocaust and at one point even offered to provide an affidavit to that effect. I would never be able to shake what would undoubtedly be Harold's first response to the sight of my lacerations—he would be convinced that I had finally gone to a demonstration against missile deployment, only to be brutalized by the hired thugs of the military-industrial complex—and I knew that after all these years I just couldn't handle Harold the Committed's all-out approval.

"Bicycle mishap," I said, in answer to the quizzical look I got from my neighbor McDougald, who was just leaving for work as I approached my house.

"One of 'em clipped you, huh?" McDougald said. "Bastards! Vermin! They ought to ban 'em!" He hurried down the street, trailing snatches of muttered complaints ". . . no attention to red lights . . ." was one I heard, and ". . . zip the wrong way down . . ."

"No, there was this truck," I said, toward his back.

"What truck?" I heard someone behind me say. McDougald's wife had come out of the house just behind him, and she sounded genuinely interested. I told her about the truck.

"But weren't you following too close, then?" she asked. "And didn't you see the sand?"

"It is not customary to cross-examine the wounded," I said, proceeding to walk in a dignified way toward my door.

Howie the postman was just emerging. "What happened to you?" he asked.

I thought about it for a moment. Finally I said, "I fell off my bike."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

AN UN-AMERICAN GIRLHOOD

The Subversives McCarthy Missed

MARGOT SIMS

I first heard about the House Un-American Activities Committee when I was in elementary school, and I got really scared. Why couldn't it have been the School Un-American Activities Committee, or the Office-Building Un-American Activities Committee—anything but the *House* Un-American Activities Committee. I figured if house un-American activities were what they were looking for, it was only a matter of time before they knocked at our front door and hit the jackpot.

Heaven knows we kids certainly tried to be good Americans, but what chance did we have? We didn't say grace (or even wash our hands) before dinner; we didn't know how to play baseball; we didn't drink milk. We didn't even have a clear sense of property rights. We were the only kids I've ever known who shared our toys with one another.

I took a stuffed animal named Blue Rabbits to kindergarten show-and-tell one day, and one of my classmates asked me who it belonged to. "It's all-of-ours," I answered. He looked puzzled. I repeated, "It's all-of-ours." The teacher became curious, too. "You mean, that rabbit doesn't belong to just you, Margot? Who all does it belong to?" "It belongs to Diane and Douglas and me. It's all-of-ours."

I'm lucky my family wasn't reported right then and there, because 1951 was not the time to be admitting to owning anything in common with anybody else. Fortunately, my teacher failed to see the political implications and chose to remark to the class how wonderful it was that my sister and brother and I had learned to share with one another so well. Totally confused, I stuck Blue Rabbits back in her brown paper bag and sat down. I had never dreamed that Diane and Douglas and I had mastered "sharing."

This sharing phenomenon was probably a natural outgrowth of the form of our household government. At a time when an increasing number of American families were operating as minidemocracies, with each family member having a vote on matters that affected the group and veto power resting equally with the two parents, ours was still a totalitarian state.

I remember the day my father read an article about the democratic trend in the American family structure. He became slightly green, and his lip began to twitch. I didn't know whether he was going to explode or vomit. He settled for something in between. He flung the offending magazine into the wastebasket, like an old-time tyrant beheading the bearer of bad news. "Democracy!" he spat. The very word made my skin crawl. His ensuing description of this despicable ideology which was destroying society deepened my appreciation of my own good fortune. I was one of the few remaining children, it seemed, whose father had balls.

Still, that doesn't give you an idea of the range of my father's un-Americanness. He had a human reject pile that contained almost every red-blooded American you could think of. For example, according to my father, anyone who played baseball was a jerk, and anyone who watched it was a furbearing fool; people who went to church were nincompoops, and those who went hunting and fishing were cockeyed stupidos; anyone who pursued a career or worked hard at anything was a double-barreled jackass, and college graduates all had the brains of collies; doctors were goddamned greedy dogs, and lawyers were sly sons of bitches; all cops deserved to be kicked in the crotch till they bled at the ears, and all rich people to be blinded in both eyes; Boy Scouts didn't have the brains to come in out of a shower of red-hot pokers, and Shriners didn't have the brains to come in out of a shower of white-hot anvils; slow drivers were ball-bearing boobs, and the Jaycees were a pack of lackwits; all clubs, committees and groups were made up of utter nitwits, and anyone who fought for his country was a thick-skulled idiot; the brains of the average typesetter wouldn't have supplied a goddamned cocker spaniel, and neighbors were a bunch of bluenosed bastards; newspaper writers who called themselves journalists were pretentious asses, and managers of all sorts were half-witted ignoramuses; insurance companies were run by low-flung louts, and bankers were sleazy

DRAWINGS BY J-C SUARÈS

Margot Sims is the author of On the Necessity of Bestializing the Human Female *(South End Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sons of bitches; people who mowed their lawns and washed their cars were brainless goofs, and disc jockeys were utter morons.

As you can see, Daddy had quite a colorful vocabulary. He also had quite a volatile temper. I don't know if his bad temper was in itself un-American, but it has always seemed more Latin or Mediterranean than American to me. Certainly the American men I used to see on situation comedies didn't have nasty tempers. And even if they did, I knew they wouldn't have told the Fuller Brush man to "go to hell in a bucket," or threatened to knock a mortician flat with "something cheap and heavy," or begun a conversation with an insurance adjuster by saying, "Jesus H. Christ on a crutch!"

That last phrase really gets me. It is so alien. *All* Americans—even the marginal ones—know Christ was on a cross, not a crutch. I don't know where my father got the idea that he was ever on a crutch. And what on earth did the "H." stand for? Did Jesus have the same middle name my father and I had—Hall? And why *did* I have the middle name Hall? All the other American girls I knew had middle names like Ann or Sue or Ellen or Lou. Margot wasn't exactly the most American name either, but it was sure closer than Hall.

No doubt about it. Our house was distinctly un-American, but only because my father was such a powerful despot. The rest of us did the best we could to be good Americans within this Iron Curtain environment.

Once during elementary school, my brother, Douglas, even tried to learn to take care of an American flag. The whole thing made me nervous. Taking care of a flag seemed much more complicated than taking care of a dog or even a baby. There were all those rules about how to fold it in the proper number of triangles, and there was a very particular time you were to put it up in the morning and take it down at night; it was to be flown at half-staff on some occasions, and most important of all, no part of it was ever, ever to touch the ground. I got a stomachache every time I saw him fooling with it. I had no idea what would happen if one of the rules was accidentally broken.

Then Daddy found out there was a flag in the house. I was petrified, wondering whether he would actually kill Douglas or just knock all his teeth out. Anything that smacked of patriotism revolted my father almost as much as Christianity did. However, he was a bit drunk when he heard the news, so he took it well. He informed us that a flag was merely a piece of cloth, like any other piece of cloth, and it didn't matter one goddamned iota what you did to it or with it.

Still, I was sure that when Daddy wasn't so mellow on rum he would be tempted to demonstrate his disrespect for the flag by using it as a dropcloth, or by wrapping naked women in it for porn pictures or something, so I was a nervous wreck until Douglas smuggled it safely out of the house and back to school or Cub Scouts or wherever he'd got the blasted thing.

My mother was the closest thing to a patriot we had in the family, although her apple pies were always abysmal failures. One notably patriotic act on her part stands out in my memory. Mommy, Diane, Douglas and I were walking back from the A&P together when, suddenly, on the sidewalk ahead of us, we kids spied a whole one-pound, unopened bag of M&M's! We pounced on it at once, but for all our salivating excitement, we did not rip the bag open or fight over it (as good little American children probably would have). We lifted it in unison, felt its promising fullness, moaned with the pleasure of our good fortune and gazed at one another with a kind of awed lust.

Suddenly, my mother saw what we were doing. "Oh my God! Put it down!" she shrieked. We were confused for only a second. Then we realized she must have thought we were holding a baby squirrel, which given my mother's view of the world, was sure to be rabid. We ran to reassure her.

"Look, Mommy, it's M&M's! A whole huge bag of M&M's!"

"Did you hear me! Put it down! Oh my Lord!" But why, we asked? She seemed deranged. We wouldn't mind her going mad about most things, but this bag of M&M's was quite possibly the greatest thing that had happened since Christmas, and we weren't about to give it up.

"You haven't eaten any of it, have you?" she asked, her voice really shaky. Obviously, she was crazy. We were holding up a completely sealed bag of candy and she was asking if we had eaten any of it. What a time for her to go bonkers. "It may be poisoned," she said, in a hushed but less shaky voice. She was calmer once she'd had a chance to inspect the sealed bag and satisfy herself that we could not yet have eaten anything.

"Poisoned?" We were incredulous. We exchanged frantic glances. "Look, how could anyone have poisoned it? It's never been opened. It just fell out of someone's grocery bag, that's all."

"That's what we're supposed to think. But someone could have opened it and put poison in it and then sealed it up again and left it here for some children to find."

"Oh, come on . . ." But my mother's concern was contagious. We were beginning to feel a little uneasy about the M&M's. It *was* too good to be true. Huge (or tiny, for that matter) bags of M&M's don't just *fall* out of people's grocery bags unnoticed. We desperately needed to prove to her (and to ourselves, too) that there was no poison in the candy. Diane came to the rescue. "Who would want to poison *us*?" she asked, sure that would stump Mommy.

Without an instant's pause, my mother whispered her answer. "The communists, honey."

Sarah Bernhardt couldn't have delivered the line with more meaning. It was all I'd ever heard about communists, and it was all I needed to hear. I shuddered as I thought about Them—hiding in the shrubs all around our superficially American neighborhood, baiting innocent children with ingeniously poisoned candy just for the pleasure of watching them die. Somber after our brush with death, we carefully set the bag down where we had found it and walked wordlessly home. We felt Their eyes on us the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole way, and we all washed our hands when we got home, without even being told to.

We were undemocratic, uncapitalistic and un-Christian. But that's not the worst of it. I'm afraid I've been avoiding my family's most un-American trait: we were poor. It is to our credit, though, that we were ashamed of our poverty. Also, I think it is important to point out that we were poor only by American standards. Still, being Americans, in America, we were judged by American standards, and that meant we were, in fact, poor; there is no way to get around that unpleasant fact.

We did not always know we were poor. I remember sitting in the dark, the electricity having been disconnected because we couldn't pay the bill, stuffing Twinkies and Hydrox cookies into my greedy American mouth, wondering, Am I rich or am I poor? It seemed unfair for a single child to bear both burdens: shame for her poverty and guilt for her wealth. Since I was aware that abject poverty existed somewhere outside our immediate neighborhood, I finally decided I was rich, and I continued to believe that until about fifth grade when I heard about the middle class, and included myself in it without a thought.

Then I got to the ninth grade. In civics shortly before the 1960 election, we were talking about socioeconomic classes. (Until John Kennedy ran for President, a lot of us had not realized his socioeconomic class existed at all.) I was offering some comment about how those of *us* in the middle class felt about those of *them* in the upper class (I'm ashamed to admit that my comment probably implied that the price of being upper class was being less American), when my obviously amused teacher interrupted me. "How can you say anything about how the middle class feels about anything, Margot? You're not middle class. There's not a single middle-class family in this whole high school. You're all lower class."

I wish I could say that I just revised my comments accordingly and went on to explain how those of us in the lower class felt about those in the upper class, but I have to admit that I was speechless. It is probably the most un-American moment I have ever experienced. I was not middle class. None of my friends were middle class either.

The shock wore off in a couple days, however. The marvelous protective mechanisms of the brain took over and healed the wound. I simply refused to believe Miss Daughtry. After all, she had been wrong before. Earlier that year she had told me that one of my few heroes, Paul Robeson, was a communist, so I no longer had complete trust in her. (Though after she told me that, I no longer had complete trust in Paul Robeson, either.)

Then in 1962, the results of the 1960 census were published. (I don't know why it took so long.) They were devastating, and there was no appealing to a higher authority for a reprieve. There *was* no higher authority than the United States Census Bureau. The bureau had designated my entire neighborhood a "slum." I could no longer have any illusions about my socioeconomic status. The middle class simply did not reside in slums. Shortly after the census findings were published, I began smoking cigarettes and wearing heavy makeup. It seemed like the appropriate thing for a lower-class 16-year-old slum dweller to do.

By that time I'd been waiting ten years for that knock at the door from the House Un-American Activities Committee. It never came. All the un-American activities at our house were going on right under their nose, but they were too busy hunting down and persecuting perfectly innocent Americans to notice us. □

SOFIA ON MY MIND

Let's Not Be So Beastly to The Bulgarians

JOHN LEONARD

Enough is too much. I promised not to comment on Bulgaria until the Italians either put up or shut up about their Pope plot. The Italians, however, specialize in never putting up or shutting up, and it is impossible to remain silent after James M. Markham's lengthy dispatch from Munich on page 2 of *The New York Times* for December 12, 1983, under the misleading four-column headline "Bulgarian Exiles Get Reminder From Motherland."

That headline, and the first four paragraphs of Markham's story, hinted darkly at a cold war kidnap. On November 12, en route by train from Munich to Vienna, Pavlina Svirdlev and her teen-age son Sergei disappeared. Pavlina Svirdlev is a Bulgarian-born dentist who has spent twelve years in exile, the last five of them pulling West German teeth. Her husband, Stefan, also a Bulgarian and an exile, was sure she'd been snatched by his former pals at Darzhavna Sigurnost, the Bulgarian secret police.

You may remember that Stefan Svirdlev is the former colonel of Darzhavna Sigurnost who since May 1981 has been quoted by almost every Western news organization as saying that a plot to knock off Pope John Paul II is just the sort of thing his old outfit liked to handle for its friends in the K.G.B. You may have forgotten that Stefan hasn't seen Bulgaria since 1971, when he had to leave in a hurry because he was mixed up in an abortive attempt to overthrow Todor Zhivkov, the First Secretary of the Bulgarian Communist Party.

Anyway, on December 3, Pavlina showed up in Sofia to explain on state television that she preferred her homeland to her husband, not to mention German teeth. Readers of Markham's story had to sink twelve paragraphs to

John Leonard's books include Black Conceit *and* Private Lives in the Imperial City. *He is a television critic for* New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bottom of column one to learn that before boarding her train in Munich, Pavlina "had meticulously collected and packed her and Sergei's birth certificates, her Greek dentistry degree and other important personal documents—things hardly needed for a weekend in Vienna." Even Stefan now admits that Pavlina knew what she was doing.

Well, don't you wish that if your spouse ran away from you, the newspaper of record would publish a nonstory on page 2 blaming Claire Sterling and/or the Sandinistas? But if Pavlina hadn't been a Bulgarian, nobody would have cared. We probably wanted to blame Bulgaria for the attack on Korean Airlines 007: after all, once upon a time, Bulgaria did shoot down an unarmed passenger plane. Unfortunately, once upon a time, so did Israel.

Why does everybody in the neoconservative West—except the Central Intelligence Agency—want to connect Darzhavna Sigurnost to Mehmet Ali Agca, the neo-Nazi "Gray Wolf" who almost offed our only Pope? (Agca says so, of course, but Agca also says that some of the same Bulgarians conspired to take out Lech Walesa, and even the Italians don't believe that one.) And if Agca had a Bulgarian connection, surely Moscow must have jerked its strings. Can you imagine Andropov, before his accession to czardom, behind his funny glasses: Snuff the Shepherd. Airline clerks, embassy cashiers and secretaries to a military attaché were made to move around in the night like Alger Hiss's typewriter. Who *is* Mustafa Eof? Why haven't we heard of him before? Is he any relation to Jerzy Kosinski?

I can't answer any of those questions. But I am a Bulgar-symp.

The Sociology of Blame: An Overview

Once upon a time, before we started killing Kennedys, Americans liked to believe that every assassin was a loner/loser. The American way is to pin the rap on an individual so that the rest of us can feel better. In America, if you aren't happy, it's your fault. We personalize everything, like a license plate.

Whereas Europeans, speaking un-American, couldn't imagine breakfast without a conspiracy theory. After the first hundred invasions, a European develops a horde mentality. He isn't supposed to be happy, because of *them*, whoever *they* are. Europeans collectivize and ideologize everything, like one of those movies in which Fellini and God and even the beach are all sad together.

This is the difference between family and history.

Despite the bad news of the last two decades, Americans haven't changed appreciably: if not Oswald, then Castro; if not Sirhan, then Arafat or al-Assad. Nor have Europeans changed a lot: if it can't be blamed on the church, the aristocracy, a multinational corporation or, of course, the Jews, then one puts on one's tragic sense of life, like a black turtleneck, and feels abysmal.

Americans and Europeans, though, agree on one thing: when Mehmet Ali Agca shot the Pope, he wasn't trying to impress Jodie Foster.

Nevertheless, why pick on Bulgaria?

How Deep Is Our Throat?

We are really talking about two Balkan countries. One is Bulgaria and the other is the C.I.A. (A third is the Western news organization, but that's another papal bull.) Why is the C.I.A. a Balkan country? You will remember what Bismarck said before he died in 1898: "If there is ever another war in Europe, it will come out of some damned silly thing in the Balkans." Every intelligence agency is a Balkan country, full of impasse, playing deadly cold war games. So, for that matter, is every tong of terrorists. The blood-intimate relationship between the intelligence agent and the terrorist is kind of kinky. What a novel, by Trevanian or le Carré.

There is another important respect in which intelligence agencies resemble Balkan countries. Only one Balkan country knows what another Balkan country is up to, and why. The rest of the world just wishes they would go away. Some of you are probably hoping that Andropov jerked Agca's strings because that would mean the K.G.B. is almost as stupid as the C.I.A. That same some of you probably can't tell the difference between a Serb, a Croat or a Montenegrin, not to mention a Bogomil. You miss the point.

My guess is that nobody had a firm idea which famous person Agca would try to kill. He was a dangerous toy. But if the key in his back had been wound by the K.G.B. or Darzhavna Sigurnost, the C.I.A. already knows about it. And however much the C.I.A. knows about the K.G.B., the K.G.B. knows about the C.I.A. There are moles within moles. One day an astronomer at one of the big telescopes is going to find out that the universe is full of black moles.

Paranoia is not necessarily disinformation.

If the C.I.A. keeps its mouth shut, so will the K.G.B. What might the K.G.B. have to say? Oh, boy. The Klaus Barbie doll is just for beginners. Consider Ali Hassan Salameh, the Palestine Liberation Organization hotshot who is said to have been the nasty little mind that mastered logistics for the murder of Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. Salameh was wasted in Beirut in January 1979, probably by Israeli Mossad agents. That made many people sad, including Jimmy Carter and Bashir Gemayel, because Salameh apparently had a deal with the C.I.A. He tipped it off whenever there was about to be a P.L.O. terrorist attack, so that American diplomats wouldn't get hurt.

I am not inventing any of this. You could have read all about it on the front page of *The Wall Street Journal* of February 10, 1983. Salameh of Munich was supposed to be a proof of Arafat's sincerity. There is *no* evidence that the C.I.A. then warned the Israelis, or any of your usual innocent bystanders, of a forthcoming P.L.O. bloodlet. One remembers how annoyed Mark Spitz was, in Munich, at having been upstaged. But, of course, that was before we made a deal.

If I know this about the C.I.A., and *The Wall Street Journal* knows it, imagine what the K.G.B.—or Mossad—knows and isn't telling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maybe we pick on Bulgaria because it's one of the little guys, like Grenada.

The Bulgaria Nobody Wants To Know, But Ought To

Ever since Agca's arrest, snazzy Western news organizations have tried and failed to give us a fix on Bulgaria. From *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Reader's Digest* and the networks, the picture that emerges, particularly of Sofia, is a montage of *Casablanca*, Boy Loves Crane, *The Student Prince*, ankle socks, *Mission: Impossible* and some gunrunning Oriental sultanate that might have been wet-dreamed by Stalin himself between purges: Party time!

Everybody obsesses about the death-by-umbrella of Georgi Markov. Nobody wonders whether St. Cyril and his alphabet might relate more to the cultural affinities of Russian and Bulgarian than to dogmas on land reform. Everybody talks about those Black Sea beaches. Nobody remembers that the Bulgarians themselves were seventh-century latecomers, a sort of Norman conquest of a bunch of Macedonian burial mounds. Everybody makes a fuss about 500 years of Ottoman occupation. Nobody cares that Bulgarians messed with Charlemagne and, in A.D. 913, ripped off Constantinople. Simeon I was almost as tough as Clint Eastwood.

This, however, is not an ancient history lesson. (Besides, in two volumes and 2,800 pages of memoirs, Henry Kissinger didn't mention Bulgaria once. What do you suppose he knows and isn't telling?) Nor will I rhapsodize about the steelworks of Pernik, the Rita-Rhodope massif, the critical realism of Elin Pelin, the huggermugger on Zlatni Pyassutsi or that very peculiar Ice Age which spared Bulgaria's edible mushrooms. And it's a little late to animadvert Basil II. But consider what you haven't been told about Bulgaria until now:

(1) Insarov, the revolutionary hero of Turgenev's *On the Eve*, was a Bulgarian.

(2) So is Elias Canetti, who deserves his Nobel Prize more than William Golding deserves his, although Golding has done less damage to literature than Kissinger, Le Duc Tho and Menachem Begin did to peace.

(3) Bulgaria exports most of the world's attar of roses.

(4) If modern nations are ranked according to the proportion of women—or men—who would have to change their occupation or industrial classification for there to be gender equality in jobs, then as of 1976, there is less sexual discrimination in Bulgaria than in any other country in the world.

(5) Please pay attention. During World War II, Bulgaria was supposed to be Germany's ally, and lots of Germans were around to remind them. Bulgaria, however, managed somehow not to understand the Jewish problem. According to Hannah Arendt in *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, "not a single Bulgarian Jew had been deported or had died an unnatural death when, in August 1944, with the approach of the Red Army, the anti-Jewish laws were revoked."

Now you and I and Hannah Arendt know something about Bulgaria that we don't know about the K.G.B. or the C.I.A. Or most Popes, for that matter. □

RESOLUTIONS

SUBJECT: CHRISTIAN COMMUNISM

AUDIENCE: THOSE WHO BELIEVE THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

EMBLEM: THE CROSS AND THE SICKLE

A

WHEREAS, The second edition of Webster's New International Dictionary defines communism as follows: "*Any system of social organization in which goods are held in common, as Brook Farm was an experiment in communism;*" and

WHEREAS, In the Bible, The Acts 4:32, it is revealed that the apostles practiced communism as follows: "*And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common.*" and

WHEREAS, The above phrase: "*were of one heart and of one soul*" can be interpreted as a classless society later recommended by Karl Marx and

WHEREAS, The apostles, while practicing communism, performed miracles: "*And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles*" (Acts, 2:43) now be it therefore

RESOLVED, That God is a communist otherwise He would not have provided the apostles with the power to perform miracles which were instrumental in recruiting 5,000 converts to communism.

B

WHEREAS, Like Marx, Christ was a revolutionary who said in Matthew 10:34 "*Think not that I come to send peace on earth, I come not to send peace, but the sword.*" and

WHEREAS, Both Christ and Marx were opposed to the status quo and both advocated the brotherhood of man and

WHEREAS, Christ, like Marx, was critical of the rich when He said in Matthew 19:23, "*Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven*" and

WHEREAS, Both Christ and Marx were humanitarians who had compassion for the underdog; Christ for the poor and Marx for the exploited factory worker of his day and

WHEREAS, Marx stated: "*Religion is the opium of the masses.*" and Christ stated in Matthew 6:5,6 "*And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.*" Herewith is proof that both Marx and Christ were opposed to organized religion, so be it

RESOLVED, That the example set by Christ prepared the way for the establishment of communism by the apostles, and be it further

RESOLVED, That communism need not necessarily be atheistic, but quite to the contrary, communism can certainly be Godful and be it

RESOLVED, That Marx could have been sent by God to enhance and perpetuate the mission of Christ on earth.

C

WHEREAS, The socialist countries have no unemployment, no inflation, no recessions, free medical and dental care from cradle to grave, free education through the university level, rent that requires only 5 percent of family income, no runaway shops to the underdeveloped countries, a planned economy and while capitalist economies do not provide these humane benefits of the socialist bloc, be it

RESOLVED, That if Christ were living today He would praise these benefits in the socialist countries and deplore the fact that these benefits do not exist under capitalism.

D

WHEREAS, Christ owned nothing but the clothes on His back and in Matthew 6:19 said "*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth*" and therefore, like communists, did not believe in the ownership of private property or the profit motive and

WHEREAS, The Vatican has accumulated wealth estimated to be in the billions of dollars, be it

RESOLVED, That the Vatican is anti-Christ.

E

WHEREAS, When Christ was approached by the wealthy young man who asked how to become perfect, Christ in Matthew 19:21 said unto him: "*If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven and come follow me.*" and

WHEREAS, The wealthy Vatican is not following Christ because it is not giving its wealth to its impoverished masses in Latin America and elsewhere, be it

RESOLVED, That the Vatican is anti-Christ.

F

WHEREAS, Since Christ said in Matthew 23:9 "*And call no man your father upon earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven.*" be it

RESOLVED, That since priests are addressed as "father" the Catholic church is anti-Christ

G

WHEREAS, Christ said in Matthew 6:7,8 "*But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.*" and

WHEREAS, Saying the rosary is a form of repetition, be it

RESOLVED, That the rosary is anti-Christ

As for the atheism of Karl Marx one can only conclude that God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Pray that the pope will write the Vatican's first encyclical against fascism. For an introduction to communism it is suggested that one read saint Thomas More's classic short book "Utopia." Comments and questions welcomed: Richard Hildebrandt, 3000 Monroe Ave. NW, Grand Rapids, MI 49505.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'THE POST' XMAS HOAX

The Streetniks Of New York

GERALD JONAS

New York Post, December 21:

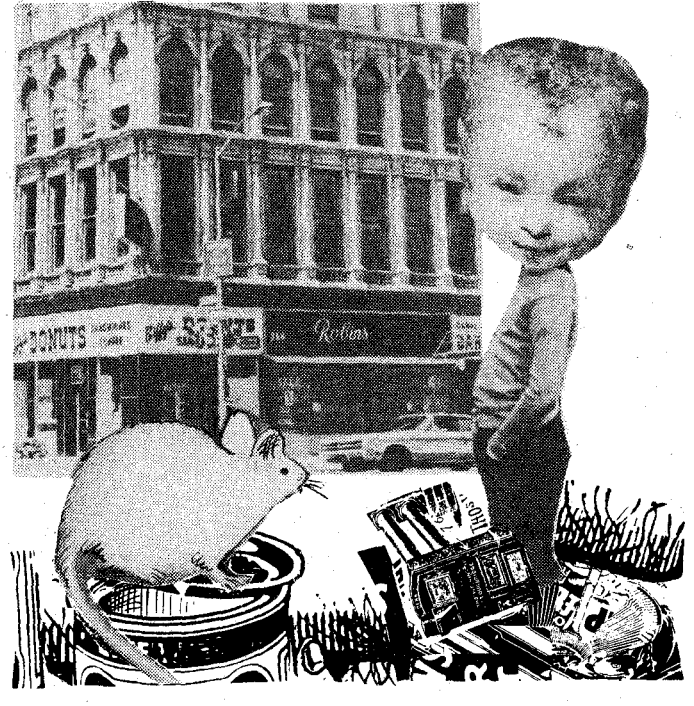
BAG KIDS IN THE BIG APPLE

Felipe Ramos is 7 years old, give or take a few months. He keeps all his treasured possessions—from a bent safety pin to a faded Lotto ticket dated June 29, 1983—in a crumpled Bloomingdale's shopping bag that he never lets out of his sight.

Felipe lives on the street. He's one of New York's growing legion of "bag kids"—the ultimate symbol of a society that simply doesn't care.

The story in yesterday's Post by Investigative Reporter Elmire McGill that as many as 250 "bag kids" may be living full time on the street—without parents, schools or permanent addresses—prompted Mayor Koch to label the situation "an outrage." "I'm shocked," he said, "that the police, the schools and the sanitation department, over which the Mayor's office has only limited authority, should have fallen down so badly on their jobs."

Gov. Cuomo, expressing "outrage," said that the problem, while severe, was by no means grave. "It's in the city's ballpark, and I intend to see that they shoulder their responsibility by taking no action on the state level until I'm assured that all local funds have been exhausted."



New York Post, December 22:

EXCLUSIVE: BAG KID'S STORY HOW FELIPE, FOLKS SPLIT

By Elmire McGill
POST Investigative Reporter

POST: How, exactly, did you lose your parents?

FELIPE: Well, you know, we were taking this shortcut through this big store near the 59th Street IRT station, the one that always smells like popcorn. It was raining, and my father says he knows a way to walk from Lex to Third without getting wet. So we go through these doors and we go up and down all these little stairs, and around these pillars with mirrors, like in the circus, and they got some real nice things in there, man, you know, like cookies and shoes with these bumpy soles—and my mother's got Rosa and Maria by the hands, and my father's holding on to the baby, and he's wailing, and little Roberto is holding on to my father's coat, and *he's* wailing, and I just stop for a minute to check out some shiny gold belts, and they're gone. Whoosh, like they were disintegrated. So I wait around all day for them to come back, and then I figure maybe they don't even know I'm gone, but we ain't got no phone at home, so I just grab one of these old bags they got in there, and I start using it for a pillow.

POST: Do you miss your folks?

FELIPE: Hey, why you think I hang around Bloomie's so much? They'll be back, just you wait.

Editorial, *New York Post*, December 22:

The Remedy for 'Streetniks'

First it was bag ladies. Then bag men. Now bag kids. What next: bag dogs and cats? It's a situation that makes no one proud to be a New Yorker or an American. We think that the answer is not more busybodying by government bureaucrats but rather firm action by the duly constituted agents of law and order—in this case, the truant officers.

In the "good old days," if a kid played hooky his parents were notified, often in person, and you can bet that kid was back in school pronto—even though he may have had some trouble sitting down for a few days! That system has obviously broken down, and it's not hard to see why: you can't notify a kid's parents if he hasn't any. That raises the question of whether at least some of these kids aren't running away from home just so they can play hooky all the time?

No one professes more compassion for the plight of young kids than we do. A bag kid is not necessarily a bad kid. But it's misguided compassion that treats the symptom—with a handout—and leaves the underlying disease to rage unchecked. If these kids have no home, put them in school for 24 hours a day. We suspect most will come up with a mom or dad, or two or three, before you can say readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Interview, *NewsNight Nine*, WOR-TV, December 22:

CHET SPRINGER: Felipe's dream, like those of most big-city bag kids, is probably doomed to disappointment. According to Dr. Herman Beene, chairman of New York University's College of Social Policy, nine out of ten bag kids never make it off the street. What happens to them? They grow up to be the bag ladies and men of the future.

DR. BEENE: That's probably right, Chet, although certainly all the facts are not in. In the past we simply assumed that so-called street people—especially your borderline psychotic personalities who have lost touch with that part of reality that we call the real world—were people who had fallen through the social safety net sometime during adulthood. Now we may have to revise our thinking, and perhaps even our teaching. If there *is* an invisible underclass of tiny street people with their own customs, it's certainly a phenomenon that cries out for investigation by qualified professionals.

New York Post, December 23:

THE LITTLEST VAGRANT

By Elmire McGill

It may turn out that 7- and 8-year-old bag kids—whose existence was revealed last week in The Post—are *not* the youngest street people in the Big Apple. That dubious honor must go, at this moment, to 3-year-old Billy Joe Froman, the city's first "bag toddler."

Billy Joe was found standing outside the Port Authority bus terminal last night, clutching a grime-encrusted Snoopy lunch box which held all his prized possessions, including a much-chewed yellow teething ring and an empty matchbook with the words: "Earn Good Money as a Programmer Studying Nights at Diktor Institute."

Two transit patrolmen took young Froman to the 47th Street police station after several commuters had complained of being hassled for "spare gum or Sugar Frosties" by a diminutive panhandler. Billy Joe, whose round-cheeked face would not look out of place in a breakfast-cereal ad, told police that he had been living on the side streets around the bus terminal for "lots and lots of time." When asked about his family, he said that they "hung out" somewhere on the Lower East Side. Upon further questioning, it turned out he didn't mean his mother and father but two "cousins," Nell and Harry Froman, who are "maybe 10 or 11," and who took care of him until he was "old enough to make it on the street alone."

Informed of the latest development, Mayor Koch said that cutbacks in Federal aid had made it impossible to keep an accurate count of New York's street people, much less find out "how old they all are." But the Mayor went on to say, "I have been assured that the median age for bag persons in New York is 37, which is just about average for a city this size."

An aide to Gov. Cuomo said that the "callousness" of city officials was an "outrage," and that the Governor had asked for a complete report on the situation.

Headline, *New York Post*, December 24:

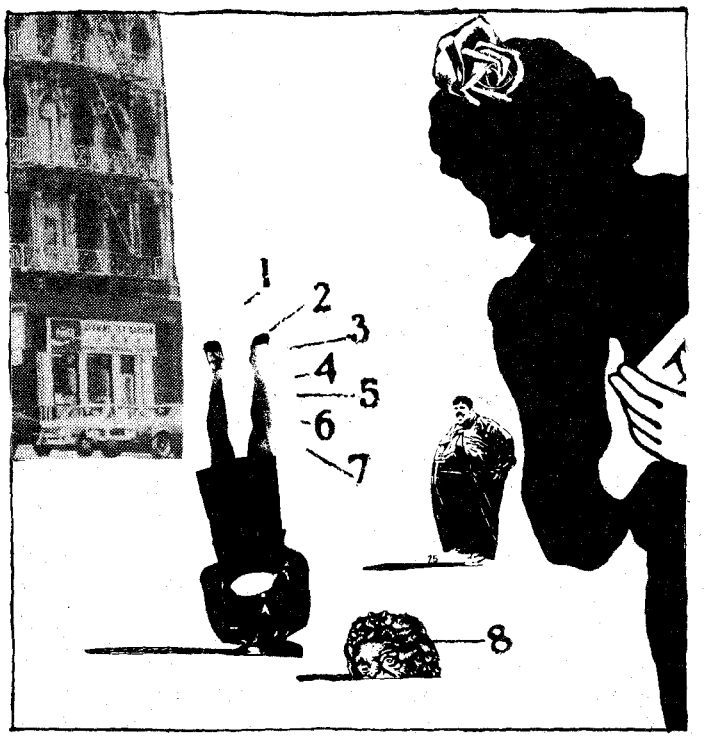
THREE-DAY-OLD BAG BABY DOING FINE:

POST READERS ADOPT 'CABBAGE-PATCH POLLY'

The New York Times, December 25:

Journalistic Hoax Exposed

Reporter Made Up Bag Children Story To 'Jolt Public'



By R.W. APPLEBLOSSOM SR.

Former *New York Post* reporter Elmire McGill, 25, whose false accounts of very young children living on the streets of New York shocked the city, denied that she had violated journalistic ethics. "We pass the bag ladies and bag men every day," she said in an interview yesterday. "There are so many we hardly give them a second glance anymore. I wanted people to see the human side of it, if only for one day."

At a press conference, Governor Cuomo said that it was entirely up to the city to determine if Miss McGill should be prosecuted for "disturbing the peace" in accordance with local ordinances.

The Mayor called the hoax an "outrage." In a statement issued yesterday evening, the Mayor charged that the stories had been "orchestrated" by his political enemies . . .

Gerald Jonas, a staff writer for The New Yorker, *is working on a book about the Rockefeller Foundation.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'GREEN' ECONOMICS

Planning With a Political Face

DEREK SHEARER

As the 1984 Presidential campaign begins, the Democrats' prospects of challenging Reaganomics are slim. The President loves to tell reporters and audiences of the faithful: "They don't call it 'Reaganomics' anymore." Thanks to the economic upturn, he is optimistic about his political future.

For now, Reagan's policies seem to be working for a lot of people. Upper-middle-class and middle-class Americans are prospering—and the "safety net" of social welfare benefits such as unemployment compensation and food stamps, the legacy of the New Deal and the Great Society, eases the economic hardship for some of the less fortunate. The unemployed are not marching. Blacks and Hispanics in the cities are not rioting. Unions are on the defensive.

Partly because there is, as yet, no popular pressure for change such as would result from an economic breakdown, the Democrats (officials, candidates and policy intellectuals, that is) have responded only timidly to Reagan's ideological attack on the social programs that originated with the New Deal. The party's situation is complicated because its last standard-bearer in the White House, Jimmy Carter, also attacked those programs and held economic views that were closer to mainstream Republicanism than to traditional Democratic liberalism. It was Carter who appointed Paul Volcker as head of the Federal Reserve Board, Carter who made the boondoggle Synthetic Fuels Corporation the centerpiece of national energy policy, Carter whose Commission for a National Agenda for the Eighties welcomed the shift of population and investment to the Sun Belt, Carter who proposed increases in strategic and conventional weapons. Such a record offers very little to contrast with the Reagan Administration's.

In fact, the policy tank of the Democratic Party has been running on empty since the 1960s, when Lyndon Johnson rammed through his Great Society legislation. Democrats were unprepared to deal with the economic and political upheavals of the 1970s: increased international competition from Japan and West Germany; skyrocketing oil prices as a result of manipulation by OPEC and the multinationals; and business's attack on unions and government regulation. Those changes undermined the economic foundations of the New Deal accord between business, government and labor, which called for government-promoted, corporate-led economic growth, providing jobs and steadily rising incomes to the working and middle classes and relatively stable prices. But because of the new economic and political realities, what sociologist Alan Wolfe calls "growth politics," in his excellent book *America's Impasse*, no longer works.

Now the Democrats are searching for a program with which they can rebuild their political base and return to power. There are a variety of mainstream players in the policy-search game: elected Democrats in their 30s and 40s like Senator Gary Hart, old-line liberal New Dealers like Walter Mondale, civic-minded businessmen like Felix Rohatyn, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and other major trade unions, economists like Lester Thurow, and liberal journalists and editors like Charles Peters of *The Washington Monthly* and Martin Peretz of *The New Republic*. Then there are those on the left who are part of the debate but who certainly do not occupy center stage. There are also feminist, environmental, peace and minority organizations that represent the Democrats' *potential* governing coalition.

The process by which a party's new ideology is formulated is in itself worthy of a Ph.D. thesis. Ad hoc committees and study groups are formed. They hire staff members to write policy papers. Professors and policy makers write books, Op-Ed pieces and articles. Grass-roots organizations advocate and test specific programs at the local level. Pamphlets are written. Meetings are held—lots of them—in the neighborhoods and in the halls of Congress. Proponents of various ideas testify at hearings of Congressional committees. Congressional aides research the issues and draft legislation. The media reports and frames the debate for the public, selecting champions for the different points of view and quoting them incessantly. Eventually, a few brave and ambitious souls run for local or state office, espousing the ideology. Some of them are elected, and in a few states new policies are tried out. As the emerging ideology gains more adherents, a Presidential candidate incorporates elements of it into his campaign rhetoric.

Those activities are taking place at various levels of the Democratic Party, but it is probably correct to say that no dominant policy has emerged. Industrial policy is the only idea that has gained anything close to a consensus.

Leading the drive for an industrial policy are the unions in basic industries like auto and steel, as well as Democratic politicians and some businessmen from the nation's industrial heartland, the Northeast and the Midwest. The phrase has been taken up by a few liberal economists, most notably Thurow and Robert Reich; each advocates a form of long-range government planning. Various versions of industrial policy have also been endorsed by a number of mainstream party groups, including the United Automobile Workers and the International Association of Machinists (each has issued a reindustrialization plan), a Senate Democratic task force led by Edward Kennedy, a House banking panel led by John LaFalce of New York, a House Democratic task force led by Tim Wirth of Colorado, and a high-powered group of business and labor representatives including Lane Kirkland, Felix Rohatyn and former Du Pont chief Irving Shapiro.

Derek Shearer is director of urban studies at Occidental College in Los Angeles and vice chair of the Santa Monica Planning Commission. He was a Presidential appointee to the board of the National Consumer Co-op Bank from 1976 to 1980.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally, all those groups do not agree on all particulars, but most of their proposals include the following elements:

§ A national industrial development bank that would provide money for the reorganization of declining industries, like steel, auto, textiles and machine tools, and long-term investment capital for high-tech industries.

§ An economic cooperation council or planning board that would compile information on the economy by sectors and coordinate government programs affecting industry; its membership would include representatives from government, business and labor.

§ A technology research and development agency to fund and promote industrial innovation, particularly in export-oriented firms.

Recently industrial policy has lost some of its momentum, and the idea of greater Federal government planning has come under attack by leading Democratic economists, including Charles Schultze, head of the Council of Economic Advisers under Carter, and Walter Heller, who held the same post under President Kennedy. Schultze and his Brookings Institution colleague Robert Lawrence argue that America doesn't need a new industrial policy (they think the market will take care of regional and community adjustments to economic change); it needs a macroeconomic policy that will tackle budget deficits and bring down record-high interest rates, which threaten future economic growth.

Nevertheless, the Democrats may still endorse industrial policy as their alternative to Reaganomics, and front-runner Fritz Mondale has already endorsed it—at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in October. What proponents and opponents of industrial policy fail to see, however, are its political drawbacks. As an economist, I recognize the need for coordinated economic planning, but as a political activist I object to a technocratic *top-down* approach to solving economic problems. There is little in industrial policy that will stir people, except perhaps its trade policies, which may appeal to the nationalism in a relatively small number of unionized workers who have been hurt by imports.

Industrial policy overlooks a fundamental question that any alternative to Reaganomics must address if it is to be politically attractive: What's in it for the average American—or at the very least, what's in it for a potential Democratic voter? A call for economic planning will have little political impact. Indeed, considerably more mileage could be gained by attacking industrial policy as another government give-away to big business and big labor.

What industrial policy lacks is a political vision of what the economy ought to be producing, how resources should be allocated and who should decide those matters. It ignores the fundamental question, How are priorities to be established? For example, how much should be spent on the military and how much on environmental protection? It has little to say about the internal workings of corporations and the role consumers and workers might play in deciding economic questions in their own communities. Industrial policy assumes that decisions are best left to managers and the marketplace, and that the Federal government should merely provide the managers with funds for investment and research. I see no way to imbue industrial policy with the vision, ideology or rhetoric that mobilizes people and makes them want to vote and organize—and those are the crucial factors.

If I'm correct that industrial policy is not the kind of issue that will motivate activists and attract votes, then what is? Is the Schultze-Heller approach—attacking Reagan for deficit spending—any better? That is hardly the stuff that excites Democratic voters. Do economists and activists on the left wing of the Democratic Party have anything better to offer? I think they do.

In recent years, a number of them, myself included, have proposed structural economic reforms outside the ground rules of the industrial policy debate. This group of "democratic" economists is part of the post-Keynesian generation. Many hold Ph.D.s in economics or government; others are financial journalists or environmental, community or union organizers. There's no name to describe this school of thought (I have argued for "economic democracy" with no great success), but there is agreement on certain basic principles:

§ Greater workplace democracy.

§ Public spending to create jobs and stimulate balanced economic growth.

§ Greater public control of capital investment through state and local development banks and employee pension funds.

§ Economic growth guided by social and environmental considerations.

§ Democratic planning mechanisms at the neighborhood, city, state and national levels.

The ways in which these principles have worked in other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countries and might be applied to the United States are critically analyzed and discussed in a number of recent studies which constitute an ideological offensive against Reaganomics and an attempt to stake out territory beyond the New Deal policies of the Democratic Party. The ideas they contain have not, as yet, been accepted into the mainstream of the party, nor have they been advocated by any of the Presidential contenders. Consequently, in 1984, a number of left-liberal activists will attempt to broaden the dialogue among Democrats. A conference to consider the country's economic future will be held in Washington, D.C., from January 13 to January 15. Organized by businessman Stanley Sheinbaum, it will bring together leading democratic economists; representatives of environmental, women's, civil rights, peace and labor groups; and members of the Presidential contenders' campaign staffs.

Such meetings are a useful step; there will be others during the year. At this stage there is no shortage of competent and experienced "progressive" economists and policy makers who could serve a reform-oriented Democratic Administration should one come to power. Having recruited people for the City of Santa Monica, for the State of California when Jerry Brown was Governor and for the National Consumer Co-op Bank, I know that the talent is there—professionals with both know-how and democratic vision.

The stumbling block is political. How do we build mass support for a democratic economic agenda? Or as Sheinbaum puts it, What goes on the bumper sticker?

I don't pretend to have the answer to that question, but I know that the way to find out what works is to try different approaches. In recent city and state elections, there were some interesting and occasionally successful efforts to develop a clear economic message to build a majority for progressive policies. Jim Hightower's populist campaign for state agricultural commissioner in Texas, socialist Bernie Sanders's re-election as Mayor of Burlington, Vermont, the achievements of the left-liberal government in Santa Monica and Governor Toney Anaya's progressive policies in New Mexico have all been successful attempts to fashion winning political rhetoric and organizing strategies around candidates and policies that challenge Reagan's corporate state. However, local and state victories will remain isolated experiences, almost novelties, unless a national movement promulgates a democratic economic agenda in the media and at the same time launches a campaign at the grass roots. The only sure way to move the Democratic Party in a progressive direction on the economy is to organize its *base* of voters around a new program, just as the nuclear freeze movement is doing on the peace issue.

The Democratic Party must go beyond "economism." The political program we adopt must emphasize values rather than techniques; the proposals we advocate must be democratic and we must be able to implement them at the community level; the message we offer must be spoken in an American idiom. Above all, we must talk about quality of life not simply quantity of output.

Reagan is tremendously effective—however hypocritical he may seem to liberals—at staking out the moral high ground, at claiming that his policies enhance freedom, democracy and a better family life. He paints his Democratic opponents into difficult corners when he forces them to defend programs and ideas that seem to go against common sense, God and country. Can we turn the tables on him? Can we out-organize his supporters and their corporate backers? Can we take back the apple pie and baseball rhetoric and make it our own and wed it to an economic agenda for the nation?

We must adopt two approaches if we are to create a *new* New Deal coalition, or "rainbow coalition" as Jesse Jackson calls it, in this decade. First, we must couch our critique of Reagan's policies and other conservative positions in populist language. Reagan is vulnerable, as polls show, on the issue of fairness. The public correctly perceives him as favoring the rich and powerful. Instead of just attacking monetarism intellectually, the left should criticize the Federal Reserve as an elitist bankers' club and advocate putting consumers, farmers, workers and owners of small businesses on the Fed and on the boards of regional banks. Similarly, a call for opening up corporate board rooms to worker representatives, or planning commissions to neighborhood organizations, can be conveyed in the language of democratic participation and anti-elitism. The tax system, with its loopholes and giveaways for corporations, as well as cost-plus contracts for the military should be attacked for what they are—components of a corporate welfare program. We should draw up a bill of economic rights and promote debate on the policies that would make these rights a reality. Bertram Gross tried to do that in the recovery and full-employment bill he drafted for Representative John Conyers and the Black Caucus; it would "establish an enforceable right to earn a living based on democratic planning for sustainable recovery and a full-employment society." Martin Carnoy and I argue in our book, *A New Social Contract: The Economy and Government After Reagan,* that a bill of economic rights initiative might be put on state ballots, as is being done with the nuclear freeze proposal, and serve as the focus for a debate on the economy.

This coming autumn, citizen action and labor groups might organize a weeklong economic summit built around local hearings, neighborhood meetings and campus teach-ins. Again, the widespread discussion sparked by the nuclear freeze movement is a possible model for such an educational effort. The release of the Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on the economy, now in preparation, might provide additional impetus for the debate.

Agreeing on populist economic policies which emphasize democratic rights and participation is only the first step. We also need to communicate a vision of the goal of an improved *quality* of life for all Americans. What I have in mind is an approach to economics similar to that followed by West Germany's Green Party. It would tap human longings for peace, for a clean environment, for a decent community life.

Since the United States does not have a parliamentary system or proportional representation, it would be difficult

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a Green Party to elect representatives to Congress. The Citizens Party's lack of political influence demonstrates the futility of third parties in this country [see Shearer, "Wrong Time, Wrong Race," *The Nation*, May 10, 1980]. However, a Green-type movement could operate both within and outside the Democratic Party.

A Green economic program would call not just for more jobs; it would call for the creation of jobs cleaning up the environment, rebuilding the cities, manufacturing trains and trolleys, teaching the young. In short, it would emphasize useful work and the production of things that people need. Green economics would show that the peace issue is linked to the economically destructive effects of military spending. It would also seek to shorten the workweek—an issue that has been neglected by left-liberals in this country. The average workweek for nonmanufacturing jobs is now about thirty-six hours. Why not lower it to thirty-five or even thirty hours? Employees would have more flexibility in their schedules, and jobs would be created. As feminists have long argued, "flextime" is of particular benefit to mothers who work outside the home. Reduced work hours also allow more time for family and leisure, and for participation in civic affairs.

Another important goal of Green economics is the revitalization of entrepreneurship and small business—also in the populist tradition. Democrats should make the decline of local and regional industries a political issue. At one time every major American city had at least two or three local beers; now the national beer market is controlled by three companies. They produce a bland, homogenized beer and market it with advertisements that appeal to machismo. In a few cities small breweries are sprouting up and producing distinctive local brews. This is just one example of an industry that can be "greened." There could be many others if state and local governments gave financial support to community-based economic development, rather than try to lure big corporations through subsidies and tax breaks.

Small business ventures need not be limited to the classic white male capitalist style. There can be cooperatives (owned by consumers or by workers), community development corporations, women- and minority-owned firms, nonprofit companies owned by churches, schools and other institutions.

This is only a preliminary attempt to sketch a Green agenda for the United States. Many more areas could be touched on—for example, the revival of trains and trolleys and the "humanizing" of the nation's cities by emphasizing human-scale architecture, public parks and green space and lively marketplaces. The point is that this approach to the economic problem is politically superior to the current left-liberal economism which stresses jobs without regard for what is produced or how it's produced, and which appeals to people's sympathy for the poor. Certainly it is superior to the industrial policy now popular with the Democratic Party.

A populist Green strategy should be emotionally charged and designed to appeal to the self-interest of the overwhelming majority of Americans. The next New Deal should be a Green New Deal—not simply more government programs at the Federal level. It should stress democracy and quality of life for *all* Americans. And it should be a democratic "greening" of business and government at all levels. □

NOTES FROM ATHENS

Socialism and the Grecian Women

JANE ADAMS

Can a feminist journalist be had for a suite with a view of the Parthenon? That question was on my mind as I rendezvoused in the V.I.P. lounge of Olympic Airlines with ten other women writers who had accepted an invitation to spend ten days, all expenses paid, with "The Women of Greece—Past and Present." The ruling PASOK (socialist) Party of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou was celebrating the second anniversary of its electoral victory and showing off its considerable achievements in the area of women's rights. Our host was Margaret Papandreou, American-born wife of the Prime Minister, who has made feminism her personal cause.

At a reception held in our honor the evening we arrived, we were accosted by the press attaché from the U.S. Embassy, a rather oily fellow who sneered at us, saying we were naïve to expect to learn the truth about Greece from what PASOK showed or told us. Announcing that our trip had been arranged by a New York City public relations firm that was a registered lobbyist for the Greek government (which we already knew) he suggested that we come to the embassy for an unbiased (that is, American) perspective on Greek politics. All we would get from our hosts was "socialist propaganda."

Well, I've certainly never been propagandized so directly, so luxuriously and at such a high political level as I was by PASOK. The briefing at the American Embassy was shabby by comparison: we were given weak coffee instead of wine and baklava, and a single handout, an old reprint of some undersecretary's speech to an organization of Greek-Americans. Embassy officials refused to answer our questions about the deployment of American weapons in Greece, and their only comment on relations between Athens and Washington was, "Greece is an American ally."

To be sure, the Greeks also responded to our queries with platitudes. At a meeting with members of several women's groups, most of them sponsored by PASOK, a question about the exclusion of Israeli feminists from membership in a Mediterranean socialist women's studies institute was greeted with shocked silence, followed by a curt request for the next question. But we refused to let the matter drop.

Jane Adams is a journalist and author of Making Good: Conversations With Successful Men *(Berkley Books), recently issued in paperback, and* Tradeoffs, *a novel (William Morrow).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Could they explain the anti-Israel pamphlet we'd picked up at the institute, which bore the U.N. logo and a racist text overprinted in red? They denied responsibility for it. Were there Jews in the high councils of PASOK? someone asked. Well, maybe, but they couldn't think of any just then. Could we interview a Jewish member of the Women's Union (the feminist arm of PASOK)? Certainly, we were told, but no "suitable" interviewee was ever found.

During our week in Athens, we were numbed by endless briefings, meetings with government ministers and on-site inspections of the "infrastructure" that is supposedly making Greek women equal partners in PASOK's socialist society. We were accompanied on many of those jaunts by members of the Athens press corps, who provided a more realistic perspective on the women of Greece, past and present. After a visit to a handsome new day-care center, which the working mothers among us had praised for its innovative architecture and dedicated staff, a Greek reporter described a more typical center, where *her* children were enrolled, which was not free and did not take infants. The one we had seen, she said, was for government employees—PASOK members only—as was the clean, cheerful, well-equipped senior citizens center we visited later that day.

A centerpiece of PASOK's achievements after two years in power is indisputably the Family Code, which recognizes women's rights in and out of marriage. Yet all disputes arising under it are referred to the Council on Equality, an advisory board of volunteers with no enforcement powers and with less clout than the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Legislating social change and getting men to accept it are two different matters: at a family planning meeting in a tiny village miles from Athens, we heard the "worry beads" of Greek men in the audience clicking loudly as the speaker explained the fine points of contraception. A phrase was muttered over and over again, which a teen-ager, wearing an Iron Maiden T-shirt and smoking Marlboros, translated for us: "It is for the man to decide when the wives will have children."

Yet for the first time in Greek history, there is a law permitting divorce by common consent. The traditional requirement that women provide dowries has been abolished, and married women may own property. Abortions are illegal, however, even though the government estimates that one occurs for every two births. In addition, only 31 percent of Greek women are counted among the country's labor force. Most working women there have no independent income, since they work on family farms. They are eligible for pension benefits, and supported by PASOK, the women of small villages like Patra are forming agricultural and tourist cooperatives, with proceeds going into their own pockets. But not being wage earners, farm workers are not covered by the law guaranteeing equal pay for equal work.

Whatever the gap between the promise and the reality of women's rights in Greece, the country has an equal rights provision in its Constitution, and the liberation of women is public policy. Whereas economic advancement may be the route to political power for women in a capitalist society, as it has been in the United States, that is not necessarily the case in Greece. At least that is the socialist promise PASOK makes to the women of the country. The cause of equal rights is clearly and consistently advocated by Margaret Papandreou, who is loved and admired by the people. "She is our Evita," an elderly Greek man told me proudly when she appeared before a crowd of a half-million at a rally in Syntagma Square celebrating PASOK's anniversary. There was nothing spontaneous about the rally; it had been carefully planned for weeks. Still, it gave our group of American journalists something to think about. None of us could remember any demonstration on a comparable scale in the United States in behalf of, rather than in protest against, our government. □

Addiction

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

I would be encouraged to testify as to how the chemicals I had generated within myself or swallowed had alienated my friends and relatives, cost me jobs and houses and deprived me of my last shred of self-respect.

Not every member of A.A. or G.A. has sunk quite that low, of course—but plenty have. Many, if not most, have done what they call "hitting bottom" before admitting what it is that has been ruining their lives.

I now wish to call attention to another form of addiction, which has not been previously identified. It is more like gambling than drinking, since the people afflicted are ravenous for situations that will cause their bodies to release exciting chemicals into their bloodstreams. I am persuaded that there are among us people who are tragically hooked on preparations for war.

Tell people with that disease that war is coming and we have to get ready for it, and for a few minutes there, they will be as happy as a drunk with his martini breakfast or a compulsive gambler with his paycheck bet on the Super Bowl.

Let us recognize how sick such people are. From now on, when a national leader, or even just a neighbor, starts talking about some new weapons system which is going to cost us a mere $29 billion, we should speak up. We should say something on the order of, "Honest to God, I couldn't be sorrier for you if I'd seen you wash down a fistful of black beauties with a pint of Southern Comfort."

I mean it. I am not joking. Compulsive preparers for World War III, in this country or any other, are as tragically and, yes, as repulsively addicted as any stockbroker passed out with his head in a toilet in the Port Authority bus terminal.

For an alcoholic to experience a little joy, he needs maybe three ounces of grain alcohol. Alcoholics, when they are close to hitting bottom, customarily can't hold much alcohol.

If we know a compulsive gambler who is dead broke, we

Kurt Vonnegut is a novelist living in Manhattan. This essay was taken from a speech he gave at the 92nd Street YM-YWHA last spring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can probably make him happy with a dollar to bet on who can spit farther than someone else.

For us to give a compulsive war-preparer a fleeting moment of happiness, we may have to buy him three Trident submarines and a hundred intercontinental ballistic missiles mounted on choo-choo trains.

If Western Civilization were a person——

If Western Civilization, which blankets the world now, as far as I can tell, were a person——

If Western Civilization, which surely now includes the Soviet Union and China and India and Pakistan and on and on, were a person——

If Western Civilization were a person, we would be directing it to the nearest meeting of War-Preparers Anonymous. We would be telling it to stand up before the meeting and say, "My name is Western Civilization. I am a compulsive war-preparer. I have lost everything I ever cared about. I should have come here long ago. I first hit bottom in World War I."

Western Civilization cannot be represented by a single person, of course, but a single explanation for the catastrophic course it has followed during this bloody century is possible. We the people, because of our ignorance of the disease, have again and again entrusted power to people we did not know were sickies.

And let us not mock them now, any more than we would mock someone with syphilis or smallpox or leprosy or yaws or typhoid fever or any of the other diseases to which the flesh is heir. All we have to do is separate them from the levers of power, I think.

And then what?

Western Civilization's long, hard trip back to sobriety might begin.

A word about appeasement, something World War II, supposedly, taught us not to practice: I say to you that the world has been ruined by appeasement. Appeasement of whom? Of the Communists? Of the neo-Nazis? No! Appeasement of the compulsive war-preparers. I can scarcely name a nation that has not lost most of its freedom and wealth in attempts to appease its own addicts to preparations for war.

And there is no appeasing an addict for very long.

"I swear, man, just lay enough bread on me for twenty multiple re-entry vehicles and a fleet of B-1 bombers, and I'll never bother you again."

Most addictions start innocently enough in childhood, under agreeable, reputable auspices—a sip of champagne at a wedding, a game of poker for matchsticks on a rainy afternoon. Compulsive war-preparers may have been encouraged as infants to clap their hands with glee at a campfire or a Fourth of July parade.

Not every child gets hooked. Not every child so tempted grows up to be a drunk or a gambler or a babbler about knocking down the incoming missiles of the Evil Empire with laser beams. When I identify the war-preparers as addicts, I am not calling for the exclusion of children from all martial celebrations. I doubt that more than one child in a hundred, having seen fireworks, for example, will become an adult who wants us to stop squandering our substance on education and health and social justice and the arts and food and shelter and clothing for the needy, and so on—who wants us to blow it all on ammunition instead.

And please understand that the addiction I have identified is to *preparations* for war. I repeat: to *preparations* for war, addiction to the thrills of de-mothballing battleships and inventing weapons systems against which there cannot possibly be a defense, supposedly, and urging the citizenry to hate this part of humanity or that one, and knocking over little governments that might aid and abet an enemy someday, and so on. I am not talking about an addiction to war itself, which is a very different matter. A compulsive preparer for war wants to go to big-time war no more than an alcoholic stockbroker wants to pass out with his head in a toilet in the Port Authority bus terminal.

Should addicts of any sort hold high office in this or any other country? Absolutely not, for their first priority will always be to satisfy their addiction, no matter how terrible the consequences may be—even to themselves.

Suppose we had an alcoholic President who still had not hit bottom and whose chief companions were drunks like himself. And suppose it were a fact, made absolutely clear to him, that if he took just one more drink, the whole planet would blow up.

So he has all the liquor thrown out of the White House, including his Aqua-Velva shaving lotion. So late at night he is terribly restless, crazy for a drink but proud of not drinking. So he opens the White House refrigerator, looking for a Tab or a Diet Pepsi, he tells himself. And there, half-hidden by a family-size jar of French's mustard, is an unopened can of Coors beer.

What do you think he'll do? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation Reprint Mart.

Latin America: A Political Guide.
An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin American correspondent.

A Letter to America.
The Nation January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

Intervention.
Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

END and the "Peace Offensive."
Warning that the peace movement must not be caught "sleepwalking," E.P. Thompson outlines the dangers of the Soviet "peace offensive," and urges the movement to eschew the seductions of both superpowers. Also included is a lively exchange of letters between Thompson and Norman Solomon, co-author of "Killing Our Own," debating the controversial issues raised by Thompson's brilliant essay.

Empire as a Way of Life.
William Appleman Williams' brilliant analysis of America's life with an empire—and the implications of life without one—was the focus of this special issue that was distributed to the delegates at the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

The Selling of Japan.
From every quarter American business is urged to adopt some feature of Japan's stunningly successful economic model. But is this model applicable to the United States? What are the implications of Japanese solutions to the problems of American business? This issue opens up and expands the "Japan debate," while shattering some of the myths about the Japanese economic system now in circulation.

Feminist Books.
Today, an exciting new feminist scholarship is re-evaluating a host of subjects from sexuality to the history of socialism to coeducation. This special issue offers an up-to-date sampling of recent offerings in a field that is more lively, contradictory and urgent than ever.

Myths of the Middle East.
This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas.

Nuclear Samizdat.
What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide the unofficial viewpoint with a clarity rarely found in the American press.

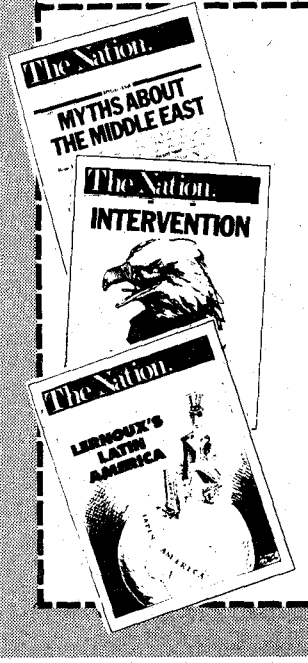
El Salvador.
A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras.

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable.
In this special issue Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of the indisputably most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue.

The New Arms Technology.
From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine leading experts explore and explain the latest arms technology—both "conventional" and nuclear—and trace the political decisions which have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before.

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement.
Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union.

Back Issues of The Nation.
Back issues are $3.00 each. This includes postage and handling. (There is limited availability on some back issues.)



THE NATION REPRINT MART ORDER FORM

REPRINTS (each title)	Qty.	Name	Total
1 copy—$3 10 copies—$8 50 copies—$30 100 copies—$50 1,000 copies—$300			
BACK ISSUES $3.00 each		Date	
		Date	

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax _____

Total Enclosed _____

Mail check or money order to The Nation Reprint Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. **Prepayment is required. (U.S. currency only.)**

NR8347

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

91 Ways of Looking at Stevens

EDWARD HIRSCH

PARTS OF A WORLD: WALLACE STEVENS REMEMBERED: An Oral Biography. *By Peter Brazeau. Random House. 330 pp. $19.95.*

Roar 'em, whore 'em, cockalorum,
The Muses, they must all adore him,
Wallace Stevens—are we for *him?*
Brother, he's our father!
—Theodore Roethke,
"A Rouse for Stevens"

In 1916, at the age of 36, Wallace Stevens moved from New York City to Hartford, Connecticut, to work as a lawyer in the bond department at the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company. Temperamentally unsuited for a career in a Manhattan law firm, Stevens had already apprenticed in the insurance business and developed a particular specialty in the small, highly practical area of surety law. Stevens moved to the Hartford company at the instigation of the head of the firm's bond department—his old friend James Kearney—and two years later became the head of a separate fidelity and surety claims department which he successfully directed until his death in 1955. It was in Hartford that Stevens grew into the quintessential poet-businessman, combining a uniquely radiant and idealistic imagination with a tough, hard-boiled feeling for the realities of business. I have always thought that this combination, far from being an aberration, was characteristically, perhaps even crucially, American. Stevens may have lived in two distinct worlds, but both of them are recognizably our own.

Parts of a World, Peter Brazeau's fascinating and apparently exhaustive oral biography, concentrates on Stevens's years in Connecticut, where he wrote most of his major poetry and spent the last thirty-nine years of his life. In 1975 Brazeau began interviewing everyone he could find who had known Stevens, and he has divided their reminiscences into three separate sections: the insurance man, the man of letters and the family man. Thus we are presented with three central dimensions of a man who was deeply compelling, often surprising and contradictory, and always extraordinarily private. The book makes it permanently clear that there was a Wallace Stevens who was a committed and successful insurance executive; a Wallace Stevens who disliked literary gatherings but sometimes consented to appear at them, and more important, defined (and wrote) poetry "as a means of redemption"; and a Wallace Stevens who lived a solitary life at home (in the vicinity of his wife and daughter) and guarded his family's privacy the way some people used to guard their virtue. It is not equally apparent that these three men were always on speaking terms with one another. Brazeau has interviewed a range of writers, business associates, neighbors and family members. He quotes from ninety sources and interweaves their reminiscences with his own commentary; the result is a little like reading about ninety-one slightly different but somehow closely related people all going under the name of Wallace Stevens.

What everyone does seem to agree on is that in person, Stevens was a distinctly formidable figure, physically massive and generally "awe-inspiring," but deceptively shy. The anthologist William Cole describes him as "a very large man with a great belly and a head like a melon" and suggests—in a phrase borrowed from Virginia Woolf—that he was a man who gave the impression of wearing "a four-piece suit." Richard Eberhart remembers that "walking with Mr. Stevens through the marble corridors of the insurance company on Asylum Avenue" made him feel as if he were "a tugboat beside the Queen Mary." There can be little doubt that the playful intellectual who believed in creative art as "one of life's salvations" could also be a distant and intimidating public presence.

At the office Stevens was very much the urbane executive in an inevitable steel-gray suit who believed that "money is a kind of poetry." He had a reputation for being aloof, cold, hard-nosed, meticulous, though it was also known that he loved exotic teas, French paintings and rare fruits. He also had a wry sense of humor—most of his associates couldn't tell when he was joking—and liked to think of himself, oddly enough, as "one of the boys." Almost no one was invited to his house on Westerly Terrace and it was a standing matter of astonishment at the office that no one got to see his family. Stevens had few friends (Judge Arthur Powell and Henry Church, a patron of the arts to whom Stevens dedicated "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction," were two key exceptions and, significantly, neither lived in Hartford), and it was generally understood that he refused invitations. Yet he tried for years to get into East Hartford's restricted Canoe Club and after he was finally accepted became known for taking a group of junior associates for the cold roast beef on Wednesday afternoons. (I was charmed by the club owner's warning that "the Canoe Club is not a place where the membership is going to listen to any poetry.") The unsociable Stevens nonetheless liked to organize all-male outings for the annual Harvard-Yale football game (where he appeared wearing the traditional red feather in his cap) and on at least one occasion got "pretty liquored up" and ended up dancing a polka with his associate Wilson Jainsen. On another night he kicked a tray of hors d'oeuvres out of a waitress's hand. For years he enjoyed annual visits to Florida and at one party in Key West got into a rather unlikely fistfight with Ernest Hemingway that sent him home with a puffy eye and a broken hand. Apparently the shy, prim giant from Reading, Pennsylvania, could occasionally let his hair down.

Parts of a World emphasizes that contrary to the prevailing literary myth, almost everyone at the Hartford office knew Stevens was a poet. Stevens, a prodigious walker (he never did learn to drive a car), sometimes thought out poems on his way to work, wrote them down in a scrawl that only his secretary could decipher and often sent his assistant to the library to look up rare words in the Oxford English Dictionary. So, too, the management seemed to value his increasing reputation as a poet. The majority of his associates, however, didn't have the faintest idea what his poems were about or why he might have written them. Mostly they reacted to his publications with uncomprehending silence (Stevens discouraged people from talking about his poetry), though time

Edward Hirsch is the author of For the Sleepwalkers *(Knopf), a book of poems.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and again, one or another interviewee recalls, someone would blurt out to him that he "could never quite get it" and felt "absolutely lost." Stevens was modest about his achievement, but it is hard not to wince a little upon reading that one junior colleague told the poet that frankly he preferred the work of Robert Service. Another tried to relate by talking about a book by Edgar Guest (Stevens "just looked aside"); a third, who calls Stevens's poetry "the biggest bunch of gobbledygook," puts forward the novel theory that his work was a hoax, a great joke that he was playing on the country.

Stevens was proud of his life at the Hartford—a fact which has mystified most of his critics—and seems to have believed that poets who taught at universities were essentially "kept men." Stevens disliked reading his poems aloud (which, like his friend Marianne Moore, he did badly) but occasionally liked to deliver essays to "clear his mind" and explore various aspects of his idea that "the theory of poetry is the theory of life." He thought of writing poems not only as a means of exploring "the gaiety of language" but also as the "effort of a dissatisfied man to find satisfaction through words." William Carlos Williams called him a "veritable monk" because he generally refused to mix in literary circles, but Richard Wilbur remembers him on one occasion as acting "like the noblest sort of travelling salesman." When the Wilburs invited him to visit, he replied politely but firmly, "I won't, but you're very kind to invite me." So, too, he informed a young editor, "When I get to New Haven next I won't look you up, but I'll think of you." Stevens was especially jealous of his privacy at home and shunned Hartford literary connections and events. When Odell Shepard, a professor at Trinity College, telephoned to ask if he could bring Archibald MacLeish to visit, Stevens replied, "I don't think you'd better. Tell him when he gets a reputation, I'll be glad to see him." Since MacLeish was the head of the Library of Congress at the time, Stevens was displaying his characteristic brand of humor—and keeping his privacy sealed.

People were seldom invited to Westerly Terrace, chiefly because Stevens's wife, Elsie, disliked having people in her home. Stevens's unhappy married life is one of the sad mysteries of his biography. Mrs. Stevens is described by various observers as being "set back," "reserved," "mousey," a recluse with psychological problems who was even more obsessive about privacy than her husband. (The couple loved to garden, and Holly Stevens has written elsewhere that her parents settled on her name "because the tree had attractive berries, but also prickly leaves, which lent it a standoffish quality.") The former Elsie Kachel was once "the prettiest girl" in Reading, the model for the Mercury dime, but eventually she became "faded" and "blanched," a "church mouse" who was "upstairs in some mysterious way."

But if Elsie Stevens was a woman "of taste but little imagination," it is also an obvious understatement that Stevens was "a difficult man to live with in a domestic situation." By all accounts they were deeply incompatible; they lived in separate sections of the house, sharing little besides her cooking and a mutual interest in genealogy. Mrs. Stevens resented anyone who wanted to know about their private life and once wrote to the critic Samuel French Morse that "the publicity that Mr. Stevens' renown offers, is offensive to me" and that "Mr. Stevens' poetry was a distraction that he found delight in, and which *he kept entirely separate from his home life*, and his business life." The nature of their relationship is wryly summed up by Stevens's statement that "Mrs. Stevens and I went out for a walk yesterday afternoon. We walked to the end of Westerly Terrace, and she turned left and I turned right."

The greatest surprise in *Parts of a World* is the revelation that Stevens converted to Catholicism on his deathbed. The information was kept secret by order of the archbishop, who was afraid the church would get a reputation for dragging people into the hospital in their last days in order to convert them. Stevens was clearly not a religious man—though his work relies on a religious vocabulary for secular ends—and it is difficult to know precisely what to make of his last-minute baptism. Conversion is not wholly inconsistent with his idea that "the final belief is to believe in a fiction, which you know to be a fiction, there being nothing else." Yet I will always prefer the man who at the height of his powers affirmed that "the highest pursuit is the pursuit of happiness on earth," and believed that "after one has abandoned a belief in God, poetry is that essence which takes its place as life's redemption."

Parts of a World has its flaws and omissions, but it is filled with useful information and curious anecdotes about a strange and remarkable man who repeatedly explored the mind's inner and outer limits, the complex relationship

RURAL DEVELOPMENT

Let there be honest reasons
to build a house somewhere,
not these insolent perched
dwellings, fields for a view,
catering to man's removal
from not-so-distant sources,

A curse upon picture-window
displays, as if the soil's
homely rhythms did not apply,
and one's life could transpire
out of keeping with any of it,
having forgotten the deep pull.

WHITE SPRING

Confounding snow
in late April—
how the robins
scream, fly in
cartwheels, mate
on the wing
(there's no place
else for it)—
weather-wild flocks
of them congregate,
jubilantly converse,
for the cold
promises May warmth
that much sweeter,
will put serenity
into evening song.

THE SADNESS

The sadness of flowers,
butterflies, and ballerinas
is in what they do
and are for the likes of us,
going about their pretty
business of display,
showing how to fill out
a moment never meant
to last; this is beauty
without conditions of hope,
for the sake of nothing
but our visual pleasure
just a little while—
it shouldn't be enough.

Curtis Harnack

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between imagination and reality. It is a continuing mystery that in the process, he also managed to write some of the essential "poems of our climate." □

Smiling for Dollars

MARCIA MILLMAN

THE MANAGED HEART: Commercialization of Human Feeling. *By Arlie Russell Hochschild. University of California Press. 307 pp. $14.95.*

When we feel love, anger, sadness or jealousy, says Arlie Hochschild, we don't surrender to the emotion, we *manage* it. Always comparing what we feel to a cultural standard of what we ought to feel, we bridge the gap by working at our emotions—inducing, suppressing and refining them like Stanislavskian actors. The man who wants to fight off love for his former wife would employ emotional memories—old grievances charged with anger, for example—to conduct himself out of love. Feelings don't happen naturally, argues Hochschild, a sociologist at the University of California at Berkeley. They are produced through effort, and they are created and shaped by social conventions.

In this lively and stimulating book, Hochschild argues that the concept of "emotion work" has important implications for the contemporary American workplace, where a growing proportion of jobs oriented to human services increasingly claim not only our actions but our feelings, which we sell as a commodity. To illustrate this idea, Hochschild studied the jobs of flight attendants—interviewing them and sitting in on training classes at Delta Airlines. In that line of work, says Hochschild, the emotional style of offering the service is part of the service itself.

It's well known in the industry that each airline recruits a distinct style of woman and trains her to project its image, using her as a company emblem: United goes for the "girl next door"; Pan Am, for the sophisticated, upper-class, reserved type. If that makes the industry sound like a brothel in the sky, providing a flesh-and-blood fantasy for every (male) taste and inclination, consider this explanation from a former activist in Flight Attendants for Women's Rights, quoted by Hochschild: "The company wants to sexualize the cabin atmosphere. They want the men to be thinking that way because they think what men really want is to avoid fear of flying. So they figure mild sexual arousal will be helpful."

Because it's a strain to live with the dissonance of having one feeling and displaying another, Hochschild argues that the flight attendant reduces the gap between what she feels and what she feigns; since her job requires the display of warmth and concern, even to obnoxious passengers, she learns to manipulate her feelings and coach herself out of anger.

One-third of all American workers and half of women workers are in jobs that demand such emotion labor, Hochschild claims; for selling their feelings as a commodity they suffer emotional exhaustion and estrangement. After a day's work, most people either don't know what they feel or feel only numb. But manufactured smiles may be fading: with the recession and work speedups of the 1970s, Hochschild suggests, the capacity and willingness to perform emotion labor is beginning to break down.

Nowhere is that clearer than in the airline industry, where increased competition from deregulation, union victories in wresting higher wages for employees, the recession and sharp increases in the price of oil have caused airlines to become more cost-efficient, book fuller flights and impose more work on employees. By attracting discount passengers and jamming them aboard, the airlines have transformed their cruise ships into crowded buses. In reaction, argues Hochschild, attendants have reclaimed their bodies and souls by challenging weight standards and dress codes, and by withholding emotion labor. Instead of manipulating their feelings at a deep level, veteran attendants now "go into robot," displaying only the most superficial gestures of warmth, if any.

Hochschild seems to be pointing to contradictory trends in the performance of emotion labor—the growing propor-

Marcia Millman teaches sociology at the University of California at Santa Cruz and is the author of Such A Pretty Face: Being Fat in America *(W. W. Norton).*

JERICHO since 1975, quarterly newsletter of the National Moratorium on Prison Construction

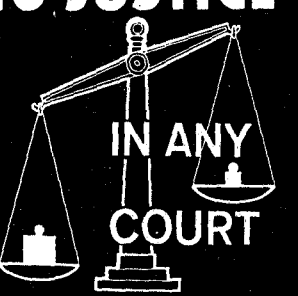
news/legislation/"cage count" organizing resources/commentary

Recent Features:
● Fear of Crime ● Racism and Criminal Justice ● Crime and the Media ● Victims' Rights ● Feminist and Left Perspectives ● Alternatives to Incarceration ● Sentencing Reforms

Rep. John Conyers (D-MI) has said — *"JERICHO is one of the most valuable sources I know of for information and analysis of the over-use of imprisonment in the US today."*

$7/yr ($8 outside US; $15/institutions)
UUSC/NMPC, Box N, 324 C St. SE Washington, DC 20003
...a project of the Unitarian Universalist Service Committee...

JOBS NOT JAILS

By G.J.BATORI
NO JUSTICE

IN ANY COURT
JUDGES, CLERKS and LAWYERS unmasked
"PRO PATRIA" P.O. Box 443 Athol Springs, N.Y. 14010 $ 4.95

Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes participation in a variety of Associates activities and a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*.

For further information write or call Claudine Bacher, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

This publication is available in microform.
University Microfilms International
300 North Zeeb Road Dept PR Ann Arbor, MI 48106 U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pitt Poetry Series

NEW in the

FAMILY REUNION: SELECTED AND NEW POEMS
Paul Zimmer *$12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper*
"Paul Zimmer has been the most consistently entertaining poet of the past 20 years. He has genuine wit, which of course means genuine objectivity—what a refreshment in our age of the arid ego!"—Hayden Carruth

ONLY THE WORLD
Constance Urdang *$12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper*
"In spare, assured lines, Urdang describes the inexplicable, evoking memories and mysteries of restless hearts." —*Booklist*

TUNES FOR BEARS TO DANCE TO
Ronald Wallace *$12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper*
"Ron Wallace has an inventive and witty imagination, which takes him into all sorts of surprising directions. . . . Best of all, [his work] is exuberantly alive." —Lisel Mueller

LIVING IN CODE
Robert Louthan *$12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper*
"Louthan's poems are simple and strange. They speak the plain speech of dreams."—John Ashbery

EXPRESS
James Reiss *$12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper*
"The energy, variety, and excitement he describes are infectious . . . Whichever slice of life he chooses, Reiss' typical American experiences come through—fresh, affectionately direct, touchingly true." —*Booklist*

Available at your bookseller or directly (add $1.25 for postage) from the publisher.
University of Pittsburgh Press/Pittsburgh, PA 15260

THE 1984 CALENDAR

An American History
created by Howard Levine and Tim Keefe
essay by Nat Hentoff

- A day by day history of the increasing erosion of civil liberties in the United States.
- Each month illustrated by an original B&W photograph of 1984 culture in American society.
- Each month opens to 17" × 34".

"A piece of grim humor that Orwell would have enjoyed." - *Bernard Crick* (George Orwell's biographer)

"Bold, uncompromising and scary as hell . . a fascinating record of American history." - *Patricia Holt, San Francisco Chronicle*

This calendar is as good as any muck-raking book around and about. Perhaps even better. - *Studs Terkel*

July

12

1960—Buy American Act

1971—Charles Colson proposes the break-in and fire-bombing of the Brookings Institute.

1977—U.S. Privacy Protection Committee warns "that new avenues and needs for collection of information . . . multiply the dangers of official abuse."

1982—The Federal Emergency Management Agency promises that the survivors of a nuclear holocaust "will get their mail."

Please send me _____ 1984 Calendars at $10.95 each.
Total enclosed is $ ___.___ in check or money order payable to: **Point Blank Press, Ltd.**, P.O. Box 30123, Lansing, MI 48909.
Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Charge Card # _____
Expiration Date _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

tion of jobs that involve personal service on the one hand, and the more cynical attitude of speeded-up workers on the other. I'm not sure one can generalize about service work from the experience of flight attendants—they're a special case, since they are hired specifically for their looks and charm. Then, too, the shift in their behavior is as much a product of the women's movement as of the changing circumstances of the job.

I have no doubt that people talk themselves into and out of attachment and respect for fellow workers. I've seen people lionize their colleagues one day and denounce them the next, depending on the shifting winds of power and prestige. Forgetting the tune they sang yesterday, they're like people with the perfect marriage who suddenly announce they're getting divorced. I must say, though, that I can't remember when I last met a service worker who put on a good show of feelings for my comfort or pleasure. Half the time I get into a taxi I fear for my life, so explosive is the ventilation of rage coming from the front seat—and I'm supposed to tip for the privilege! While taxi drivers don't fall within the category of workers Hochschild is talking about, I'm not sure that nurses, teachers, salesclerks or administrators are much more inclined to sacrifice their own feelings for their clients'.

It could be argued that having each other to complain to allows service workers to keep a grip on what they're feeling. Teachers compare horror stories every day over lunch, and doctors gather in hospital corridors to laugh at the "crocks" that fill the beds. Most workers, supported by their peers, are fairly aware of their feelings on the job. Expressive or not, when they hate their bosses or their clients, they know it. Hochschild's theory of emotion has stronger implications for intimate relationships: it's in our roles at ***home*** that we really cook in the juices of our dissembled feelings. Husband, wife, parent, child—these are not positions we can resign, and since each of us occupies a unique place in the family, there's no one to share our perspective and, thus, our feelings. Without the concurrence of another, we're more likely to disown disturbing feelings.

Applied to domestic life, the concept of emotion management illuminates what R.D. Laing described as the politics of the family—the breach between

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the family as it is and The Family as we pretend it is. For though the family is viewed and often experienced as the setting for the deepest love and care, it is also true that within its embrace people endure and adjust themselves to emotional repression, psychological assaults and physical violence. Hochschild sees the family as the training ground for the later, deeper practice of emotion management at work, but I think it's in the family that the activity reaches its fullest development.

Hochschild's descriptions of the emotion work required to sustain marriage and family life reveal how people can go numb. The woman who sacrifices her interests and pleasure to care for an aged parent must work on the "inappropriate" relief she feels when death releases her from grim duty. The wife who agrees to her husband's notion that extramarital sex is no cause for jealousy must labor hard to overcome her depression when she's confronted with the evidence of his affairs. She's torn between two cultural prescriptions for feelings: one that tells her monogamy is a sign of love and commitment, and one that tells her jealousy and possessiveness are signs of weakness.

It's undeniable that family life demands a tremendous amount of emotion management. But the fact is, sometimes the work is done and sometimes it isn't. Children get neglected or beaten, despite our ideologies of parental love and proscriptions against violence, and spouses occasionally break through civility and reveal their true feelings. The puzzle is why some people manage their feelings, for better or worse, and others don't. Or why each of us manages some feelings and not others.

Hochschild suggests there are class, religious and gender differences in our propensity to do emotion work, and that it's done more by women, Protestants and members of the upper and middle classes than by men, Catholics and lower- and working-class people. The differences are not only learned but structural. Lacking money, power and status, women have to use emotions as a resource in the marketplace, trading good feelings for financial support. I wonder, then, what women mean when they say men are "cut off from their feelings." Are men really afraid to feel, or are they simply less motivated to do emotion work? Are emotions being confused with emotion work? Or perhaps it's a matter of men and women

the Syracuse Cultural Workers Peace Calendar

Twelve uplifting images, many in full color, celebrating people's hope, courage and resistance. Artwork representing International Women's Day, The Weavers, Zimbabwe, The Pacific Peacemaker, Bread and Puppet Theatre. 14"x22" on your wall. Features full-color, wrap-around cover, "Patchwork Power", of squares sewn in honor of women's peace camps. Lunar cycles, holidays, people's history dates, and plenty of notation space. By mail $7.75, 3/$20, 5/$31. Bulk rates. SCWP, Box 6367, Syracuse, NY 13217—(315) 474-1132.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

Next Year Is Almost Here.

1984 Nation Spring Books Issue

Cover Date	May 26
On Sale	May 19
Closing	May 2

This issue will be distributed at the American Booksellers' Association convention in Washington, D.C. May 26-29.

1984 Nation Fall Books Issue

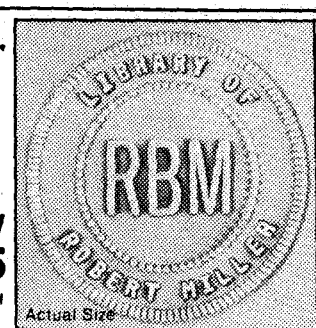
Cover Date	Nov. 17
On Sale	Nov. 10
Closing	Oct. 24

For advertising information, call Carole Kraemer (212) 242-8400.

The Mark of a True Book Lover

Thousands sold at $20 or more!

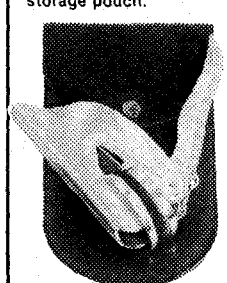
Now Only $9.95 EACH



This is the same heavy duty embosser used by librarians to mark and identify books.

Now you can have one with your own name and initials on a 1½" diameter seal. It's easy to use...insert the page, squeeze the handle, and "LIBRARY OF (your name and initials)" will be clearly embossed. (see photo).

This quality embosser is fully guaranteed and comes with a handy storage pouch.



Since this item has to be personalized, please allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.

How do you want your seal to read? INITIALS

Print name and initials exactly the way you want them to appear.

NAME

For additional embossers, simply print names and initials on a separate sheet of paper.

Check One

☐ A check or money order is enclosed
☐ Please charge this purchase to:

VISA ☐ American Express Card ☐ MasterCard

Account #

MasterCard 4 digits above your name

Exp. Date _____ Signature _____

Barnes & Noble BOOKSTORES, INC.

126 FIFTH AVENUE DEPT. E708
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

Please send me _____ embosser(s) at only $9.95 each plus $1.75 each for postage and insurance. (N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Offer good only in the continental U.S.A. 1193077

© 1983, Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

working on different emotions—women turning their anger into empathy, while men turn fear into a sense of control. Reading *The Managed Heart* also makes one wonder about the relationship of emotion work to psychotherapy, in which, depending on the approach, a patient may be encouraged to suspend it and allow his or her true feelings to emerge, or conversely, to modify and condition responses so they are more appropriate.

Hochschild's book is interesting on a number of levels, and its greatest value lies in its complex exploration of the nature of emotion. Psychoanalysts assert that we unconsciously alienate ourselves from our true feelings by repressing them, while sociologist Erving Goffman and others have argued the opposite—that the selves we publicly display in accordance with the rules of social life are finally the only ones that exist, that it is only by playing a role or character that we get to have feelings at all. Hochschild plays with a wide range of approaches to understanding emotion, and adds an important dimension by showing how feeling has become another form of work. □

Hail, Holy Light

RONALD DE FEO

LIGHT. *By Eva Figes. Pantheon. 91 pp. $10.95.*

Since writers of fiction are creators themselves one would think that they could easily invent convincing portraits of artists. Yet this is hardly the case. Too frequently the writers, composers and painters depicted in fiction seem oddly removed from their work. Though they may spring to life as people and though their work may take on a certain reality, their actual involvement in the process of creation rarely comes across. John Updike's Bech, for example, is a memorable character, but not quite believable as a working writer. Kenneth Toomey, the narrator of Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers*, certainly mentions his work and fame often enough, but in view of his tremendously active life we wonder when he had time to sit down and write. And although we accept the dedication of the painter Clement Stevens, the hero of James Hanley's powerful novel *A Dream Journey*, we learn virtually nothing about his artistic methods and goals.

Eva Figes's short, carefully measured novel *Light* records one day in the life of Claude Monet at his beloved Giverny, and one of its chief virtues is that it makes believable the artist's immersion in his art. Here there is no question of distance; from the beginning of the book the artist and his cause are bound together. Awakening to a still dark and seemingly dead world, Monet already anticipates the life-giving light that has obsessed him for so long as a painter and is quite pleased that he has risen early enough to witness its first appearance: "It looked good to him, the dark just beginning to fade slightly, midnight blueblack growing grey and misty, through which he could make out the last light of a dying star." During the course of the book Figes only briefly describes Monet in the actual process of painting. In fact, though his presence is always felt, Monet himself appears only intermittently. Much of the novel focuses on his family and friends, gently exploring their characters and moods and differing responses to their cloistered little world and its strange, revealing, almost oppressive light. We see, among others, Monet's second wife, Alice, who sometimes wishes her husband were not so dedicated to his art; his granddaughter Lily, who shares his childlike fascination with nature and its many minute wonders; and the local abbé, who is very conscious of the passage of time and the toll it is taking. Although Monet is often offstage, Figes so firmly establishes his impressionistic, light-filled world, constantly and inventively noting the effects of light on rooms and objects, on the painter's precious gardens and lily pond, that we become party to his obsession: his subject is everywhere.

By concentrating on the play of light at various instances, Figes does in prose what Monet sought to do on canvas: capture fleeting images and colors, moments in time. This method of iden-

Ronald De Feo has written reviews and short stories for The New York Times Book Review, The New Republic, Hudson Review *and other magazines.*

The Nation Mart

MARSHALL ARISMAN POSTER

only $4.00
(includes postage)

A limited edition poster of Marshall Arisman's graphic reaction to the Reagan administration is the perfect gift for a friend, or for yourself. Arisman's drawing originally appeared on the cover of *The Nation*'s January, 1981, Inauguration issue, E. P. Thompson's "Letter to America." The poster, measuring 16.5" x 24", is printed on fine coated stock.

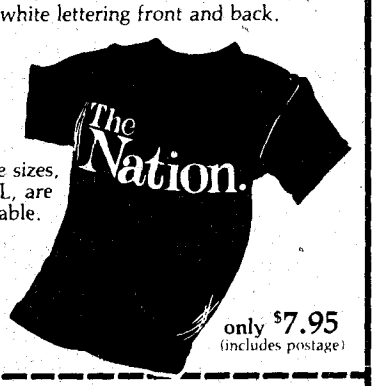
SAVE THE NATION

If you find that you have stacks of *The Nation* that you just can't part with, here are two ways to protect your back issues. Choose either an attractive library case or a binder, both in orange, scuff-resistant Kivar and embossed with *The Nation* logo. Each holds six months—safe from dust and wear—at a bargain price.

BINDERS	LIBRARY CASE
1 for $7.50	1 for $5.95
3 for $21.75	3 for $17.00
6 for $42.00	6 for $30.00

THE NATION SINCE 1865

These 100% cotton T-shirts come in black with white lettering front and back.



Three sizes, S-M-L, are available.

only $7.95
(includes postage)

ORDER FORM

Qty.	Item	Total
	Marshall Arisman Poster	
	Binder(s)	
	Library Case(s)	
	T-Shirt(s) S M L	

Total Enclosed _____

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail check or money order to The Nation Reprint Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. *Offers expire June 30, 1984.*

NM8347

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tifying with an artist's goal by rendering the world in his individual style seems to me a unique way for a writer to portray a painter. Only once does Figes allude to a specific painting. This occurs when Lily observes her mother standing on a hillside "as though the bright summer wind was about to carry her off, and only the slanting shadow of her parasol held her with her feet on the ground"—the reference, of course, being to "Woman With an Umbrella Turned to the Right" (which, appropriately, is reproduced on the jacket cover).

Figes's focus on the subtle transformations light works on objects and landscapes points to the general sense of change and passing time that affects, to various degrees, all the characters. She further links that process to the gradual passing of an era. Even in the quiet, removed Giverny of 1900, signs of the modern age are evident: at one point, during lunch on the veranda, Monet's friend, the writer Octave Mirbeau, defends industrial artifacts like telephone poles and automobiles, while the artist condemns them for marring the world's beauty.

Tightly structured and framed, meticulously following each character from dawn until dusk, *Light* is also virtually plotless. These features, along with its illumination of small moments of being, recall the late fiction of Virginia Woolf, though the book lacks Woolf's complexity, her quiet intensity and poetry. At times, *Light* seems too schematic and studied, with Figes straining to give symbolic weight to mundane matters. And at times I wondered whether the real Monet would have been as concise and academic in his observations about his art as is the fictional artist. "We live," says Figes's Monet at one point, "in a luminous cloud of changing light, a sort of envelope. That is what I have to catch." We can contrast this rather lofty figure with the actual artist, who often seemed tormented by his art, as is evident in this reminiscence of his first wife's deathbed: "Standing in front of the deathbed of a woman who had always been very dear to me, I was surprised to find myself staring at the tragic look on her face and mechanically trying to find a succession of colors and shadings that had come over it as a result of death."

Taken as a whole, however, *Light* is convincing and effective, and in its closing moments surprisingly touching as well. The single star, the "pinprick of pure

One of The New York Times' Notable Books of the Year

The taboo subject of revenge explored in a powerful, provocative work,

written with a philosopher's vision, a moralist's insight, and a novelist's narrative skill." —*Nicholas Gage*

"A fine book, surely one of the most unsettling and original of the year." —*Dan Cryer, Newsday*

Dazzling...brilliantly researched. ...Filled with leaps of insight.... Indeed WILD JUSTICE often seems like an endless succession of startling observations." —*Webster Schott, Washington Post Book World*

"A stunning and invaluable piece of scholarship." —*Patricia Bosworth, Working Woman*

Wild Justice
The Evolution of Revenge
Susan Jacoby

At bookstores now
Harper & Row
1817

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace – testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $125.

☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $110.

(Conn. and N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name, address, and check or money order, or charge to any major credit card by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

112 courses in 35 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 12th year.

Audio-Forum
Room 60
On-the-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

AUDIO-FORUM®

Or visit our New York sales office: 145 E. 49th St., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212)753-1783

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS.

WORK BRIGADES TO NICARAGUA

Volunteers urgently needed to assist with coffee, sugar and tobacco harvests and in construction for two-week periods or more. Agriculture, health and energy professionals are also forming brigades. Work brigades leave December 31, January 15, January 29 and February 12.

Call for more information: (212) 228-3160 or (202) 223-2328.

NORTHERN IRELAND: A VIEW FROM THE LEFT

A forum addressing the many issues facing Northern Ireland today, presented from a progressive point of view.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 6 PM

Brotherhood Synagogue
28 Gramercy Park South (East 20th Street)
New York City

Sponsored by New York Americans for Democratic Action.

ART EXHIBIT
LANDSCAPES by
ACKER, BROWN, LOWE, PRUSINOWSKI, SALSTROM, SCHNEIDER, SHATAN, WALLACE, WERFEL

JANUARY 20 to FEBRUARY 8

Prince Street Gallery
121 Wooster Street
New York City
(212) 226-9402

Opening: January 20, 5 to 8 pm
Gallery hours: Noon to 6 pm, Tuesday to Saturday

Let Nation readers know about your event!

They want to know:
WHAT'S GOING ON
WHERE and
WHEN

Events.

I have enclosed _____ camera ready ad
_____ copy to be set
_____ inches per ad
_____ times ad should run
$_____ check or money order

Name _____
Organization _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
Phone _____

The Nation is published on Saturdays. It reaches subscribers and newsstands 5 days in advance of Saturday cover date.

We need your ad or copy by Wednesday, 17 days prior to cover date. We will accept phone-in copy. Call George Monaco (212) 242-8400.

Rates: $35 per column inch. **Special offer, limited time only!** 4 ads for the price of 3.

light" that appears in the darkening sky at the end of the book, recalls the star that Monet observed at the beginning. And as day fades into night and light dissolves, we feel, along with the characters, a growing solitude, an odd sense of loss, as if the world as well as the creative spirit were suffering a kind of temporary death. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

For anyone who cares about fine choreography, "Bach Partita," the new Twyla Tharp ballet for American Ballet Theatre, is an extravaganza. A lone violinist (Dennis Cleveland) assumes his place on a small platform near the edge of the proscenium, the curtain rises and thirty minutes later the audience has witnessed a work of technical grandeur as bewildering in its sustained complexity as Nijinska's "Les Noces," Graham's "Night Meadow" or Balanchine's "Symphonie Concertante." A single viewing is enough only to grasp the general outline; to scale it—to come to grips with the structure peak by peak and crevasse by crevasse—would take many performances. I've only seen it once—at the December 9 world premiere at the Kennedy Center during A.B.T.'s Washington, D.C., season—and so babble impressions with a glittering eye. Wedding Guest, you've been buttonholed. There's fresh greatness afoot on the ballet stage.

The subject of Tharp's choreography is the capability of Ballet Theatre's most prominent performers (apart from Baryshnikov—more on him below). The object is to raise allegro dancing to a speed and clarity never seen before. The occasion is Bach's Partita No. 2 in D minor for unaccompanied violin, itself a mountain in five sections. The first four—allemande, courante, sarabande and gigue—make up the partita per se; the fifth section, a chaconne often compared with Bach's Passacaglia in C minor as among the composer's greatest compositions, is a separate, self-contained coda. For the first four sections, Tharp calls on three principal couples (Cynthia Gregory and Fernando Bujones, Martine Van Hamel and Clark Tippet, Magali Messac and Robert La Fosse); some soloist couples frame them, elaborate their movement and otherwise extend their force. For the chaconne, she adds a corps of sixteen women. At its most densely populated moments, the ballet gives us thirty-six dancers racing through the classical lexicon with the horsepower and precision of locomotives. It's not only the heart-stopping attack and continuity that seize one but also the intricacy and finesse of the steps and phrasing. The way the choreography plays with the beat, teases it, circumvents it, then suddenly pounces on it will be pleasantly familiar to Tharp's followers from such recent pieces as the "Golden Section" of "The Catherine Wheel." The degree of difficulty here, however, is unusual even for Tharp, and it ups the ante for allegro dancing in the future.

My enthusiasm won't be shared by those in Ballet Theatre's audience who come expecting stars to look like stars, or who respond to storyless ballets only if the musical emotions are unambiguously dramatized. One of the achievements of "Bach Partita" is that it makes A.B.T.'s principals look like *dancers* after all these years as phenomena whose prowess and specialties detached them from the rest of the people on stage. In fact, you may not recognize Van Hamel and Messac at first, with their upswept hairdos and swept-up tempos. Gregory's profile and line are unmistakable, but her push in the more demanding pirouette sections makes her seem uncomplacent and young. The men have never looked so polished and likable. Indeed, Bujones has never in my memory looked part of an ensemble. Yet by often linking the principals visually and rhythmically to the soloists—Cynthia Harvey, Susan Jaffe, Victor Barbee and others—Tharp has managed to invent the image of a company and show with exactitude how greater relates to lesser, and how accomplishment relates to ambition.

What I didn't see in "Bach Partita" the first time through was an analogue to the emotional suspense of the music: I couldn't find a dimension that the general public, rather than the dance specialist, can admire right off the bat. There may not be any such dimension, as there isn't in, say, "The Fugue," Tharp's 1970 trio whose interest, first and last, is in its construction and technical demands. General audiences respond with restraint to "The Fugue," which Tharp's company performs—the work takes study. At the Kennedy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Center, the new piece earned an ovation and a few standees, but here, too, there was an element of reservation to the applause, as if people couldn't believe what they'd seen.

The day after the "Bach Partita" premiere, Ballet Theatre put on two more Tharp pieces: "The Little Ballet" (given its debut last summer as "Once Upon A Time") and "Sinatra Suite" (a reworking of a piece Tharp made for her own company called "Nine Sinatra Songs"). Both featured artistic director Mikhail Baryshnikov who, in a tour de force, danced them back to back. Baryshnikov's technique as a dancer and actor is changing, and Tharp has caught the nuances of that change: the lowering of his center, the shift in virtuosity from leaps to pirouettes, from academic correctness to muscular drive. In "The Little Ballet," Tharp also shaped a portrait of Baryshnikov the artistic director, with dramatic suggestions that link him to Balanchine. "Sinatra Suite," an *homme fatale* duet he performs with Elaine Kudo, arrays his gifts as an actor and a partner. His formal white-tie outfit (by Oscar de la Renta) and slicked-back hair reinforce Baryshnikov's likeness to James Cagney, and confer on him an aura of self-conscious charm reminiscent of his recent reinterpretations of his classic roles (Albrecht as a cad, and so forth).

"Sinatra Suite" delighted the audience with its tricky partnering and wicked movement jokes. (As Sinatra sings, in "That's Life," about being "back on top," Baryshnikov flings Kudo to the floor, straddles her body and pins her. Its sexual politics are so unexpected and so awful they're funny.) "The Little Ballet" conquered through its exquisite lyrical development and its intimate glimpses of Baryshnikov's genius. There seems to be no other choreographer who can elicit from this artist the dancing and stage presence Tharp discovers almost every time she tries. At this point in her career—and in Baryshnikov's—Tharp should be making dances steadily for Ballet Theatre. □

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation.*

For information write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 242-8400

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENT NEEDED

NATION CLASSIFIED AD MANAGER desperately needs Manhattan apartment as soon as possible. Prefer downtown. $400/month or less. Will consider sublet (have terrific references). Call George at (212) 242-8400 (weekdays), (212) 777-4053 (evenings and weekends).

ARTISTS' GRANTS

ARTISTS! CASH GRANTS! Available all fields. Cash from foundations, corporations, governments. Ask for FREE valuable report. WIAL, Box 15240, Washington, DC 20003.

ASSOCIATIONS

TECHNOCRACY . . . Designed direction for North America's social operation. Write Continental Headquarters, Box 238, Savannah, OH 44874.

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

BOOKS

EROTICA. Fine material bought & sold. Latest catalogue $2. SCHEINER, 275 Linden, Brooklyn, NY 11226.

COULD CRONKITE be our next president? Details in The Election of '84, by Seymour Gerrymander. $3 postpaid from Chrysalis Press, Box 1330, Modesto, CA 95353.

FREE book, poster catalogue: social change, women's/gay liberation, men's consciousness raising, TCP, Albion 13, CA 95410.

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)

Unique guide to self-deliverance for dying persons $11 p/p. Membership (incls. newsletter) $15. Non-profit.
Hemlock Society, P.O. Box 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066. Phone (213) 391-1871

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free Search. Write: Peter Sperling—Books, Dept. N, Box 1766, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$2,000 WEEKLY PROFITS! "Instant Business." Details, SASE: OPB, Box 7127 (X-NA), Minneapolis, MN 55407.

EDUCATION

STUDY SPANISH IN NICARAGUA
Learn about the revolution firsthand.
Year-round course offerings.
Casa Nicaraguense de Español.
Phone (212) 949-4126 or write: 70 Greenwich Ave., #559, New York, NY 10011.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES a year while striding for exercise. PO Box 1727, 200 Language Club, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES, crosswords collected over the years available in books #1, #3, #4. Send $4 ppd. per volume to E.S. Lewis, 1620 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford, MA 02746.

GENERAL INTEREST

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS by a graduate of The Graphology Workshop, New School for Social Research. $25. Mary L. Orloff, 1540 York Avenue, New York, NY 10028.

INVEST IN YOURSELF! Personal self-knowledge in your handwriting. Send full-page sample and signature. $20, satisfaction guaranteed. Jane I. Kircher, Box 99, Golden, CO 80402-0099.

INSURANCE

DONALD SHAFFER ASSOCIATES, INC.
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
212-895-7005, 516-466-4642

LITERARY SERVICES

TYPESETTING by established union shop. Discount rates for non-profit and progressive journals, pamphlets, newspapers, books, etc. WordWorks, 333 Terry Road, Hauppauge, NY 11788. Call collect for estimate, (516) 360-9656.

MERCHANDISE

THE NUKE NEXT DOOR, 1984 calendar. Each month illustrated with unexpected photographs, taken by Lisa Lewenz, from inside Harrisburg homes with stark views of the Three Mile Island cooling towers. 11" x 18", handsomely printed on glossy stock, spiral bound. Also includes world nuke history notes for each day, month. MORE THAN A CALENDAR: contains images that will reverberate long after 1984 is over. Never too late to order; send $6.50 (checks payable to Lisa Lewenz) to: 1984 Calendar, Box 578416, Chicago, IL 60657.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

MERCHANDISE

GLOW-IN-THE-DARK STAR MAP accurately portrays the heavens above the U.S., Europe and elsewhere. When mounted or framed, is both illuminating and beautiful. 24" x 28". Send $10 to Lawrence Deckman, 2406 Lawrence Street, Eugene, OR 97405.

Wondering what the radical chic will be wearing this year? Nation T-shirts, of course. Natural fibers in stunning black and white to fit any size—S, M or L. To order, see The Nation Mart ad in this issue.

Peace Calendar images, many full-color, that make you feel good. 14"x22". $7.75, 3/$20, 5/$31. SCWP, Box 6367 Syracuse, NY 13217 (315) 474-1132.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW CREDIT CARD! Nobody refused! Also Visa/Mastercard. Call 805-687-6000, ext. C-3596.

PERSONALS

ORIENTAL WOMEN wish to correspond with Americans. Cherry Blossoms, PO Box 1021NA, Honokaa, HI 96727.

SOPHISTICATED SCANDINAVIANS, all ages, seek enlightened correspondence, lasting relationships. Details: SCANNA-N, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

UNATTACHED? Meet aware, literate singles. Lowest fee. Call DATELINE—free: 800-451-3245.

PERSONALS

Would you like to be more closely involved with America's oldest weekly journal of opinion? Join The Nation Associates, and participate in a variety of activities with dedicated readers like yourself. See The Nation Associates ad in this issue.

LITERATE SINGLES ADVERTISE FREE in CONTACT magazine. Nationwide. Details free (current issue, $3). Write: CONTACT, Box 500E, Mendocino, CA 95460.

MEET INTELLIGENT, creative singles, divorced, widowed, through the new College Club. Send for information and news about special introductory fees. Box 533N, Gates Mills, OH 44040.

OUTDOOR PEOPLE: A network that connects active, nature-loving singles. Box 327, Riverside, CT 06878.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for all cultured singles. 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call (215) 566-2132.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT JOBS. $16,559-$50,553/year. Now hiring. Your area. Call (805) 687-6000, ext. R-3596.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $1 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

FREE 61-page pamphlet, "Capitalism and Unemployment," with $4 for one-year subscription to biweekly socialist newspaper. The People (N), 914 Industrial Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

NEW! WOMEN'S REVIEW OF BOOKS, informed opinion on current feminist writing. Published monthly. Subscriptions: $12 U.S., $15 Canada, $25 institutions. FREE sample copy on request. Dept. NA, Women's Review, Wellesley Women's Research Center, Wellesley, MA 02181.

PUBLICATIONS

Do you find The Nation in poor shape? To keep your back issues in the best condition, store them in their own binders or library cases. To order, see The Nation Mart ad in this issue.

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. PO Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, 100-page Historic Preservation Resourcebook. Special prices for bulk orders.

THE ROSENBERG DEBATE TAPES. The historic debate, "Were the Rosenbergs Framed?" sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at Town Hall on October 20, can now be purchased in typed transcript and/or cassette tape form. Complete transcripts are available for $24 each; tape cassettes are $19 each. Special discounts are available on orders of five or more. Send check or mail order payable to The Nation to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. If you'd like more information, call Mr. Monaco at (212) 242-8400. (A project of The Nation Institute.)

GRENADA: BACKGROUND & ANALYSES. 150-page press packet with full-text mounted reproductions from variety of publications. $20 to Nation readers. Data Center, 464 19th Street, Oakland, CA 94612. (415) 835-4692.

If you missed any of The Nation's special issues the first time around, you can order reprints on such timely subjects as Latin America, Disarmament and the Middle East. See the Reprint ad in this issue.

REVELATIONS OF A RETIRED CONGRESSMAN, by former Congressman Cecil Fielding White. 50 pages. Interesting, exciting, educational, unbiased. Send $3 to R. Caro, 810 Gonzalez, San Francisco, CA 94132.

RECIPES

TURKISH COFFEE RECIPE—for gourmet tastes. $1. Intrepid Enterprises, 2126 Biehn Street, Klamath Falls, OR 97601.

RELIGION

JESUS FICTIONAL—NEVER EXISTED! Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created Jesus, Gospels. $4—Vector, Box 6215-A, Bellevue, WA 98008.

TRAVEL

AFRICA: EAST AND WEST—Kenya and Senegal. Tour with noted professor of African history. July 26 to August 14. $2,560 includes air, meals, lodging. Intentional Travel, 209 Damron Drive, N. Manchester, IN 46962, (219) 982-4687.

WEALTH BUILDING

BECOME WEALTHY! CPA tells how. Money-back guarantee. $10 postpaid (plus 65¢ tax—Californians). BOTTOM LINE PRE$$, PO Box 31420, Dept. TN, San Francisco, CA 94131.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.80 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $35/column inch. Copy deadline 17 days prior to issue date. **Payment must accompany order.**

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

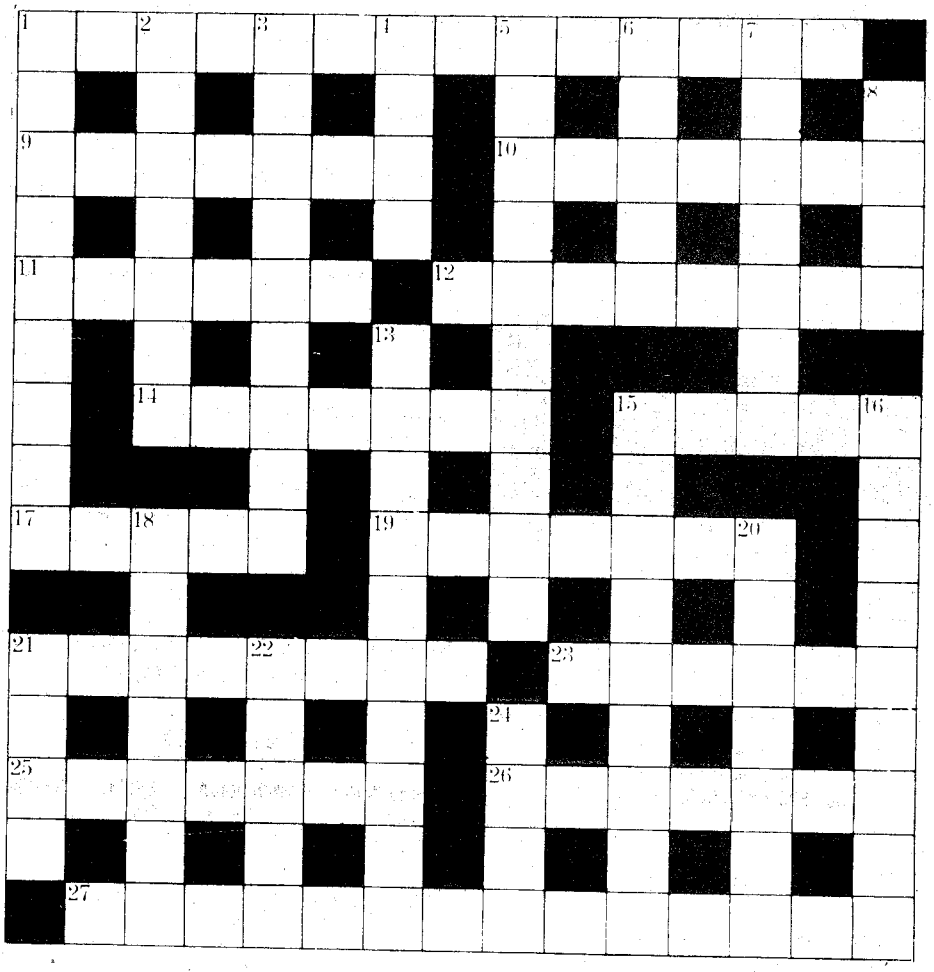
Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1990

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Where to buy a knocked-down adding machine? (7,7)
9 Mummy, as they might say, has nothing to color, but is taught to be so. (7)
10 The historian stands silent before us. (7)
11 Lily's other name, according to Tennyson. (6)
12 Artificial face—deft makeup. (8)
14 Pack one a little firm in Mexico? (7)
15 By the sound of it, opt for what one does with gum at times. (5)
17 Am leaving 14 subject to change. (5)
19 Not an orthodox professor. (7)
21 It implies a high level of pain. (8)
23 The first thing a person gets by going to bed early (assuming one doesn't sleep late). (6)
25 Doesn't cost anything—not quite zero—but it might be a good food store. (7)
26 Filled to the top—like your hat? (7)
27 Get our labor a raise, in the light of spectacular production. (6,8)

DOWN

1 Potentially a goat, not skinny, but still content, in a way. (9)
2 Concerning the plot, it has its drawback. (7)
3 Pertaining to crops, or a coming change therein. (9)
4 Is it simply not done, or knot done? (4)
5 How roods might be made, but it's certainly not an inside job. (3-2-5)
6 One of Miss Bailey's parents, with a peculiar iridescence? (5)
7 Sir, if you call me that, you do! (7)
8 It might prove dues to be other than a new idea. (4)
13 Might cause a doctor bill—when it's paid, hit her for it! (10)
15 A great character, confused in the race. (9)
16 The top part's as hot as the bottom when these are needed! (9)
18 Frequently reached in learning. (7)
20 If you want to know what's used in some medicines, look in a ruminant! (7)
21 You might leave in one, but that's what the cinematic wolf did first. (4)
22 Coastal resort, but the G.I.s didn't consider it so. (5)
24 Flowing robe found in Iberia. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1989

■	C	O	N	D	E	S	C	E	N	D	I	N	G	■
S	■	P	■	I	■	L	■	A	■	U	■	O	■	Y
T	E	A	M	S	■	I	R	R	I	T	A	B	L	E
O	■	Q	■	H	■	P	■	L	■	C	■	I	■	R
N	E	U	R	O	L	O	G	Y	■	H	E	L	M	S
E	■	E	■	N	■	F	■	■	■	■	■	I	■	I
■	■	■	G	E	T	T	H	E	B	E	S	T	O	F
A	■	A	■	S	■	H	■	M	■	R	■	Y	■	Y
C	A	S	T	T	H	E	F	I	R	S	T	■	■	■
C	■	P	■	■	■	■	■	G	■	T	■	T	■	S
R	A	I	L	S	■	A	R	R	O	W	R	O	O	T
U	■	R	■	T	■	M	■	A	■	H	■	N	■	A
E	M	A	N	A	T	I	O	N	■	I	N	G	O	T
S	■	T	■	M	■	G	■	T	■	L	■	U	■	E
■	R	E	U	P	H	O	L	S	T	E	R	E	D	■

ATTENTION GETTERS!

The Nation Classifieds are just that. Over 210,000 creative, involved and interested people read and respond to our Classified section each week. And our prices are incredibly reasonable. So if you want to get people's attention, fill out the coupon opposite this page and mail it in *today*!

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

X-523

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E.L. Doctorow on THE BOMB.
Ralph Nader on the POST OFFICE.
Susan Sontag on THE COLD WAR.
Peter Matthiessen on the AMERICAN INDIAN.
Kurt Vonnegut on BEING RADICALIZED.
I.F. Stone on THE PENTAGON.
Jessica Mitford on PRISONS TODAY.
Calvin Trillin on RONALD REAGAN.

The voices of dissent speak out in THE NATION.

The Reagan Administration is no longer funny; what it's doing to the country, and the world, is very serious. The voices of dissent must speak out. And the best place to hear them is in *The Nation.*

The Nation has been questioning the abuses of power for 119 years. And there has never been a greater need for it than now. *The Nation* conducts its own investigations, reports the kind of news James Watt, Jeane Kirkpatrick and Jerry Falwell don't release through the national wire services, and serves as the forum for the leading voices of dissent on the critical issues of our time.

If you think these voices are important, join your voice to theirs and subscribe to *The Nation.* There's a reduced introductory rate for you. And as a gift for friends, too.

Add your voice to ours.
Special Introductory Rate.

THE NATION
P.O. BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES!!! Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $12, a savings of 60 percent off the newsstand price and 40 percent off the regular subscription price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ My payment is enclosed – reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Add $3.50 postage for subscriptions in Canada and Mexico, $6.50 for other foreign countries. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D8347

SEND *THE NATION* TO A FRIEND!
(And save $3.)

Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $12 for the first and $9 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

GIFT TO

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Enclosed is $_____ for _____ subscription(s). (Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)
☐ Bill me later.

D8347

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED